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v. 8, no. 5

1894

ALUMNI NUMBER.

THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY



MARCH, 1894.

LUXEM CO BOSTON

The Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

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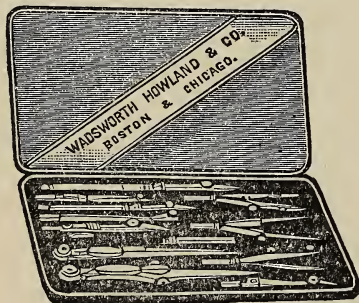
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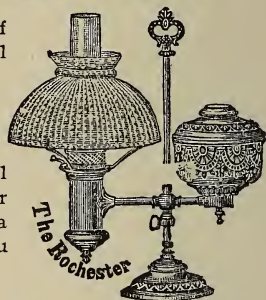
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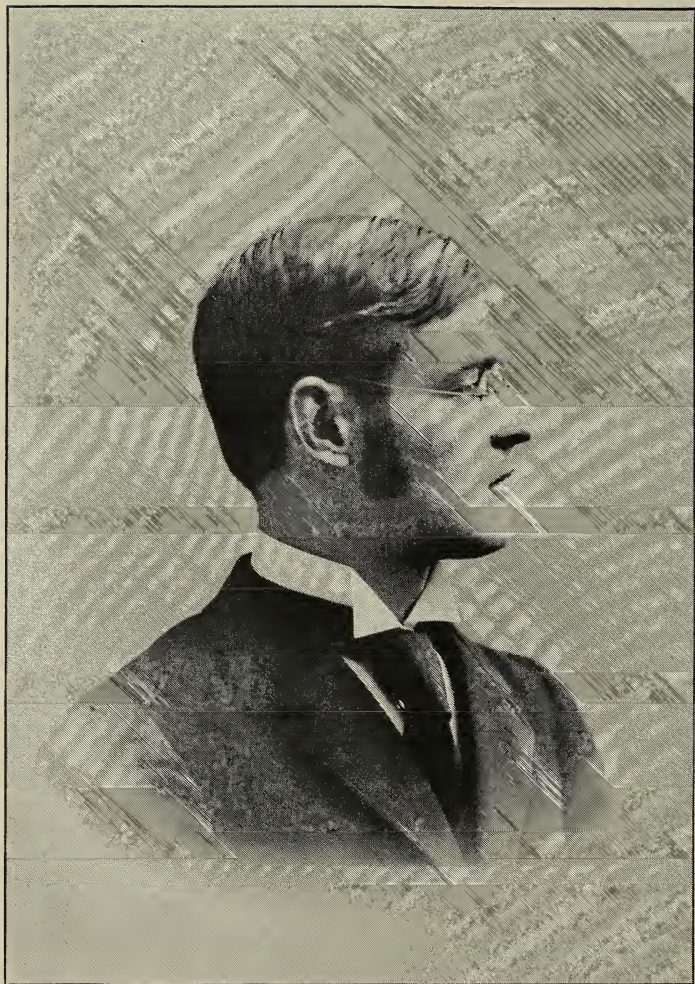
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THE
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Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 5.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

I AM requested to say something of the college as I first knew it, in 1832.

All of us came here then by stage-coach. How we all managed to get here and away, is rather difficult to comprehend now. But we did it, when the classes ranged from fifty to sixty or more each. Mr. Jason Dudley and the late Mr. Ira Allen were among the coachmen of those days, and Mr. Dudley remembers to have come into the village with twenty-four passengers upon his coach, and *on time*. The trunks were not half so large then as now, having received an extraordinary "evolution" with the advent of railways and baggage cars. They were lashed behind and strewn over the top of the coach, and the young men, like a swarm of bees, were spread all over them and filled the interstices, including, of course, the inside. Six horses was at those times the usual number for the coach, driven about ten or twelve miles each set. Brakes were unknown, but so skilful and so careful were the drivers, that notwithstanding the prodigious hills in nearly every direction and the coaches top-heavy with light-headed youth, I never knew of a serious accident. The only approach to a catastrophe that I recall, was the upsetting of a sleigh-coach as it whisked sharply round in the deep snow before the (then) Dartmouth Hotel, and a tall sophomore, who tried to climb out during the process, was seen with his head projecting from the upper side and his feet clamped beneath the under side, with an expression of profound surprise at this new view of Hanover and of himself.

It was only in the spring of my senior year that, in visiting Boston for a "Commencement suit," I made acquaintance with the cars at Lowell—constructed then after the English manner, in small compartments. It was two days' journey by stage-coach from Boston to Hanover, and one from Concord, over the famous "Fourth N. H. turnpike," through toll-gates. Meals on the way were twenty-five cents, and at one place thirty-seven, to which last price some of the young men were partly reconciled by reckoning dissolving visions of the landlord's handsome daughter, who waited on the table, as worth the extra "nine-pence."

Of course there were no rambling expeditions in term time. When a young man was in college he was in for it, "for better or worse," as the case might be. Lebanon was about the most distant expedition. There was no Junction even—only a White River.

The requirements for admission were more extensive in the classics then than now, somewhat less in mathematics, and still less in English. I entered at not quite fifteen years of age, and had read all Virgil's *Æneid*, *Georgics*, and *Eclogues*, Sallust's *Catiline* and *Jugurtha*, and at least eight orations of Cicero, the *Graeca Minora*, the *Greek Reader*, containing large selections of prose and poetry, and the four gospels in Greek, as then required, and had thoroughly studied arithmetic, all of Colburn's *Algebra*, and two books of *Euclid*—a little more than was required. No special reading of English literature was prescribed, but the training in composition and orthography was at least as good as at present. The classics were perhaps studied somewhat differently, but it is not necessary to make comparisons.

The only college buildings were Dartmouth, Wentworth, and Thornton halls, the last two then but four or five years old. The college library occupied the space on the lower floor of Dartmouth Hall north of the north entry; the United Fraternity's, the front half of the present senior recitation-room and one room north of it; the Social Friends', the space on the same floor south of the south entry. The philosophical apparatus was all in No. 18 of Dartmouth Hall, with room to spare. The "Old Chapel" was then in use, and all the faculty ordinarily attended the services.

President Lord, then in his prime, was a man of strong personality,—of high intellectual ability, shrewdness, dignity, and courtesy. He wrote a terse and polished style, and gave it momentum by his deliberate and sonorous bass voice. He, however, confined himself mostly to Hanover, and had a method of government effective and then prevalent, but now obsolete. He did not believe in “convivial entertainments.” A roast turkey he could smell from afar, however innocent the turkey and its young companions, and he sometimes appeared uninvited. I think I never saw his eyes, for at that time he habitually resided behind a pair of capacious green or blue glasses, which were a mutual convenience, as they seemed to veil his thoughts and purposes, while they were a great help to youthful caricaturists. There were no class suppers in those days, but rather clique suppers, and they were not so much the order of the day as of the night.

Owing to the small number of instructors, the classes were seldom heard in divisions. The class of '42, entering with a hundred and one members, was divided into three sections during freshman year, and afterwards, I think, had but two. Subdivision of labor was also difficult, for the same reason. My class in freshman year recited in Latin, Greek, and mathematics to Tutor Evarts Worcester, a noble teacher and man, who died too early. But when I was tutor in 1838-'39, these three studies were assigned each to one of us. Professor Crosby, in the chair of Greek, as a Greek scholar had no superior then, if since, in the country. Prof. Ira Young had physics—a clear, faithful, capable, and thorough instructor, very matter-of-fact, though he is known to have indulged in two witticisms in the class-room. Professor Chase, appointed to the chair of mathematics about that time, was keen, thorough, and sometimes, it is said, caustic—a teacher with whom there was no shamming. Professor Shurtleff, who retired from the chair of metaphysics in 1836, though not a learned man, was singularly acute and bright, noted for his wit and his repartees. The Latin chair, temporarily vacant till the appointment of Professor Sanborn, was filled one year by Tutor Jarvis Gregg, a man of great promise and early death, and one year by Hon. James F.

Joy, since then an able lawyer and distinguished business man, both of whom did the work well. Professor Haddock, who held the chair of rhetoric, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I have ever known, with abilities beyond his actual achievements—a man long to be remembered for his distinguished personal appearance, his finished manners, his easy control of a class, his choice diction and singular felicity in putting his questions. Professor Hale lectured to us on chemistry and what little there then was of geology. Thus, notwithstanding their small number and poor appliances, the faculty was a strong body of men, who quietly did hard work and made their mark.

Tuition was twenty-seven dollars, and no scholarships. Table-board was \$1.50 a week, never more than \$1.75. Of course there was little call for clubs, but a few students boarded themselves. Some were aided by the American Education Society. College prayers closely followed sunrise through the summer, though later in winter. Attendance was much the same as now, with fewer standing excuses.

Hazing then existed, of course, but never, so far as I know, in cruel or destructive forms. It was rather annoying and mischievous—monkey tricks, with which it is unnecessary to enlighten the present generation. The penitentiary offence of kidnapping was unknown. If a man had a solid and solemn grudge, he generally waited to pay it off on the foot-ball ground in the grand scrimmage when all the college was in a muddle round the ball. A certain senior, afterwards, it must be admitted, a presidential elector, had a pair of boots made with soles adapted to that particular work, and soon afterwards an obtrusive and rather pugnacious freshman was confined to his room several days with various contusions on the anterior portion of the tibia and possibly the fibula. I think he still survives it, and if so, he remembers it. He long outlived his executioner.

For exercise we took long walks, pitched quoits, played ball, which was then level to an ordinary capacity, and college football, usually seniors and sophomores against juniors and freshmen. This last sport took place every fair day in the autumn before and

after dinner, and was a rousing game and picturesque, with its numbers and universal enthusiasm, its incessant motion and perpetual changes, its massings and dispersions, and chasing of the ball from end to end of the campus. Such racers as Coffin and Latham would have held their own with any of the moderns, and Senior Jackson—afterwards Rev. Dr. Jackson—it was said, might be tripped and rolled over on the way and would still come out ahead, driving the ball before him. I do not vouch for it. Some young men were not above sawing and storing their own fire-wood (for coal was then unknown here).

The United Fraternity and Social Friends were two strong literary associations, with weekly and varied exercises, and there were no Greek letter societies except the Phi Beta Kappa, which was then much the best, its members being elected junior year, and its president a member of the faculty.

Music was cultivated. The Handel Society was hardly past its prime. It gave at one of its concerts "The Song of the Bell" and other complicated pieces, sustained by a student orchestra, and members of it made a few excursions as a glee club, once as far as Haverhill, where one of them sang "The May Queen," then new. It had good material, and James Aiken would read at sight any piece of music that was placed before him. The "sing-out" to the tune of "Amesbury" long antedated my day; and long may it continue! The true history of the alleged Indian song, "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" I have never been able to trace, although I read of it some years before I entered college. Can any one give any information?

It was in my sophomore year that the appointment system was abolished for about a quarter of a century. It was a favorite project of President Lord, and to insure its adoption he personally visited and addressed the several classes in its behalf. For obvious reasons it was not difficult to secure a majority vote. I remember well the skilful speech to my class, and there it was carried, I think, against only two opposing votes, one of which was mine. The system was restored under President Smith, in compliance with the general wish of the faculty and friends of the college.

I am admonished by the necessary limits to bring these reminiscences to a close. Dartmouth College was then doing the same solid work that has marked its history, and on the same kind of young men. The scenes and the men all come back to me so fresh and vivid, that it is only by a computation and a glance in the mirror that I can persuade myself it all passed nearly sixty years ago.

Ex-President Samuel C. Bartlett '36.

WORLD AND POET.

“**S**ING for us, poet, for our hearts are broken!
 Sing us a song of happy, happy love!
 Sing of the joy that words leave all unspoken!
 The lilt and laughter of life—Oh, sing thereof!
 Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying!
 Oh, sing of love, for all our love is dead!
 Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sighing!
 Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead!”

How should he sing of happy love, I pray,
 Who drank Love's cup of anguish long ago?
 How should he sing of life and joy and day,
 Who whispers death to end his night of woe?
 And yet the poet took his lyre and sang
 Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

Richard Hovey '85.

VERSE-MAKING.

LEIGH HUNT, in the introduction of his "Book of the Sonnet," amiably expressed the hope that the collection might promote "the practice of sonnet-writing by such as are inclined to poetize in that direction." It may gravely be doubted whether any treatise on poetry, or text-book of the art of versification, ever did much good, at least in a large and stimulating manner, to those "inclined to poetize." We have axiomatic authority for the innateness of the poetic gift, and certainly one does not wish to multiply the number of merely artificial rhymesters or mechanical poetasters. He who cannot versify without the aid of the rhyming dictionary, is very much like the man who cannot write a letter save in his shirt-sleeves; the resultant literary product is not indispensable in either case. After all, it is inspiration, one touch of nature, a single throb of the human heart, a lonely but lovely strain of song, that the world asks from the poet. As Hunt said in the essay just cited: "If I might conclude this essay with a word of advice, which I venture to think the best possible to be given to cultivators of the sonnet, or indeed of any kind of writing whatsoever, I would say, let a sense of the honest likings and dispositions most peculiar to themselves, whatever they may be, predominate above every other consideration in the choice of subjects to write upon. What we know best, we can relate best; what is truest within us, we can best utter. 'Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.' 'To be, and not to seem,' is as admirable a principle for writing as for everything else."

To this thought may be added the reflection, that there is, in almost every intelligent mind, at least one song unsung; and that its singing, even if in modest voice and humble note, may be the very song for which some listener is waiting.

It is, however, with reference to the form of English verse that I wish to write some words in the pages of a magazine which has contained not a few pleasant lyrics, many of which have been transferred to the more permanent form of a collected volume.

In discussing the technique of English verse, some writers have

fallen into the radical error of trying to equip our prosody with all the nomenclature of Greek or Latin grammar in the same division. Now Greek and Latin were highly inflected languages, conservative in the adoption of foreign words or influences, and possessing, in a high degree, both inherent and accidental quantity of vowels; that is, some vowels were naturally and invariably long, and others became long, without possibility of change in the given case, by inflexible rules affecting their position as related to consonants. English, however, is slightly inflected, and its simple declensions and conjugations are largely formed by adjunct words, not by prefixes and suffixes. When we add to this statement the further facts that our particle system is markedly unlike the Greek, and that, though firmly Teutonic in basis, our language, like our literature and our people, has always assimilated foreign elements with great freedom, any minute or mechanical prosodical system becomes as impossible as the attempt to render a Greek or Latin hexameter line into an English one. Poe, says Lowell in "A Fable for Critics,"

" talks like a book of iambs and pentameters
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,"

and a similarly emphatic reflection occurs to the mind of those who read dry treatises on the science of English verse, equipped with alleged laws and intricate exceptions, which our true poets neither know nor follow.

Yet, on the other hand, one goes altogether too far if he discards the entire terminology of classical scansion, and omits the most familiar terms and convenient characterizations, as does Corson in his new "Primer of English Verse." It is true that even such a word as *night* may be made, by position, either long or short, in an English line, as, for instance,—to invent a couple—

" The night was long and dark and lone,"

or again :

" The long night was over, gray morrowtide came."

In both these expressions the stress is legitimate, but the latter of

the two lines would be impossible in any classical metre, and would hardly be welcome in German, or in French, which makes so much less of obvious accent than do the Teutonic tongues. But it is far easier to put the stress on such syllables as *day*, *long*, *night*, or *sheen*, than to force them into the unaccented part of the foot; while in such words as *utterly*, or *intercede*, our differentiation between long and short is absolute.

Now little can be said in a volume on versification, and still less in so brief a paper as this. Of critical didacticism the clever Mr. Quiller-Couch made delicious fun in his satirical lines at the expense of Mr. Churton Collins :

“Though nine be the Muses in number,
There is hope if the hand-book be one.”

Nevertheless, I believe that there is no small advantage in firmly fixing a few cardinal principles in mind, rather than in endeavoring to cumber one's brains and clog one's pen with a thousand statements either superfluous or dubious, or even good. All young poets, and some old ones, would be benefited if they attached to their brains, with hooks of steel, these facts :

In English, we have at least five clearly marked feet, which, with their variations, and, of course, with their preceding or succeeding additional syllables, accented or unaccented, form the basis of all our verse.

1. The *spondee*, as in *amen*, or in such collocations of long-syllabled words as Milton's

“Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.”

2. The *iambus* (the chief English foot in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson), as in *defy*, or the line

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

3. The *anapest*, as in *intercede*. The iambus and the anapest, or the iambic and anapestic measures, freely intermix, as in Swinburne's

“In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down’s edge between windward and lee,
 Wall’d round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.”

This stanza, and the entire poem, “A Forsaken Garden,” which it introduces, affords a good illustration of that remarkable combination of unity with variety, which makes English verse the greatest since the Greek. Lines 1, 3, 5, and 7 end with an extra syllable; line 3 begins with a spondee; and line 8 is really an amphimacer (— 0 —, as in *all the day*), but the general movement is as unmistakably anapestic as that of Byron’s “The Destruction of Sennacherib.”

4. The *trochee*, as in *going*, or the line

“Looking up at Hiawatha.”

5. The *dactyl*, as in *utterly*. The trochee and the dactyl, or the trochaic and dactylic measures, freely intermix, as in Taylor’s

“Desolate, cold, is the shell of the Dryad,
 Still are the dances, the oracles dumb:
 Playmates of old, we are slighted as strangers,
 Shorn of our honor in ages to come,”—

in which lines 2 and 4 end with an additional syllable. *Catalectic* and *acatalectic* occur at once to the mind of the Greek or Latin student, as terms belonging to our own poetry.

In all these measures we make free use of what Stedman calls the hovering accent, as in

“To be, or not to be, that is the question;”

and ten thousand other lines. And we have *lilts* within *lilts*; we say

“I remem’ber, I remem’ber
 The house’ where I was born’;”

rather than

I're | mem'ber, | I're | mem'ber
The house' | where I' | was born' ;”

and we instinctively scan

“Comrades, leave' me here a lit'tle, while as yet' 'tis early morn' ;”

rather than

Com'rades | leave'me | here'a | lit'tle | while' as | yet' 'tis |
ear'ly | morn' ;

but all this is an added element of strength and of delight. To say that we have no scansion is childish ; to say that we have a Graeco-Latin one is pedantic and fanciful.

Again, our study of English verse is aided by the simple terms for counting the number of feet in a verse or line (single or in a series),—terms that may be memorized in five minutes by one ignorant of Greek ; though Webster's dictionary, in defining them, confusingly mixes *measure*, *metre*, and *verse*.

1. *Monometer* :

“Escape me?
Never—
Beloved !”

by Browning ; strictly speaking, an amphibrach, a trochee, and an iambus.

2. *Dimeter* :

“Go by, go by.”

3. *Trimeter* :

“Come not, when I am dead.”

4. *Tetrameter* :

“Minnehaha, Laughing Water.”

5. *Pentameter* :

“An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

or, in the “hovering accents” of Freneau's exquisite line :

“Trim the dull tapers, for I see no dawn.”

6. *Hexameter* :

“This is the forest primeval ; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,” etc.

There are other feet and other measures; but he who thoroughly masters the above eleven words and examples can talk, not only glibly but intelligently, of iambic pentameter, trochaic tetrameter, or anapestic trimeter acatalectic; and should be able to avoid the boldest errors in versification.

Exercise.—Write the scansion system of Gray's "Elegy," Hamlet's soliloquy, the first lines of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," Emerson's "Hamatreya," Poe's "To One in Paradise," Tennyson's "Ring out wild bells," Browning's "Evelyn Hope," and the "common metre" and "long metre" of the hymn-books.

As regards regularity or irregularity of rhyme, metre, etc., the young poet should follow the rules before undertaking to break them. Leave to the hymnist such rhymes as "God" and "Lord," to Whittier "hem" and "Bethlehem," and to Aldrich "guard" and "façade." Make the "Golden Treasury" your pocket-companion, and the song-sparrow your monitor. Remember that it is better to write eight lines like Landor's "Rose Aylmer" than eight books like "Kathrina." Gladly exchange Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, and even one half of the great Wordsworth, for Shakespeare's "Fear no more the heat o' the sun." Sing us one little song that you yourself have framed and loved, and then, if you choose, turn out some triolets, villanelles, or chants-royal. As Clough says:

"Come, Poet, come!
 To give an utterance to the dumb,
 And make vain babblers silent, come;
 A thousand dupes point here and there,
 Bewildered by the show and glare;
 And wise men half have learned to doubt
 Whether we are not best without.
 Come, Poet; both but wait to see
 Their error proved to them in thee."

Charles F. Richardson '70.

LINES TO A SPANISH AIR.

"The greatest development of American life will be in the equatorial regions of South America."—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

"COME" cried the mandolin;
 In low, sweet passion pleaded the guitar,
 "The sunlands call to thee,
 The wonder lands below the southern star.
 Oh come! afar! afar!
 A richer life and beauty wait thee there,
 A sweeter muse, voluptuous and fair,
 Awaits thy song, and there an infant Pan
 Is born where western beauty first began
 In lands afar."

Still thrilled the mandolin,
 Its strangely sweet and penetrating note;
 And still the low guitar,
 Filled in the pleading strain with mellow throat.
 "Oh come! afar! afar!
 The lotus land below the burning zone,
 Is calling thee, is calling thee alone,
 The rare warm south is sighing now for thee,
 Come, sweet one, bring thy love and song to me,
 In lands afar."

O mystic mountain land,
 Sweet land that fronts the future and the past,
 I fly, I fly to thee,
 For thou the promise of the future hast.
 I come! afar! afar!
 Not long with pleading face thou liest prone,
 But thou shalt rise, and 'neath the burning zone
 Shall build Parnassus, higher than the old,
 And bring again the poet's age of gold
 In lands afar.

Fred Lewis Pattee '88.

TWO EPOCHS AT HANOVER.

IN the development of Dartmouth College, two periods are specially marked as times of transition. Their character is not shown in formal printed records, but has been reflected in the college town and in student life.

The first epoch began before the year 1800. A quarter of a century earlier, Dr. Wheelock had pushed into the northern wilderness, placing his school at a confluence of trails and war-paths to suit the social and business convenience of its expected patrons. But the stress of the Revolution, and the advance of settlement which followed it, dispersed the Indians and defeated the original purpose of the college. Its managers, instead of turning their attention to the neighboring and docile Esquimaux, sought to attract the scattered white population of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The strong sons of those hardy pioneers were eager for knowledge and culture. Dartmouth was the only "seminary of learning" north of Cambridge, and it soon became a beacon light to their wistful eyes. The college was inspired with the spirit of new freedom and earnest vigor which filled the young republic. Hanover enjoyed what we should now call a "boom" and reached nearly the extent and appearance which it kept for three quarters of a century.

My own recollections do not extend to the elder Wheelock, but I have certain papers and mementoes which illustrate the early days. Among them are many manuscripts of college exercises. They are all earnest and patriotic, but cannot fail to remind us of the meagre limits of "polite learning" at that time. The orations totter under the verbiage of Dr. Johnson, and in poetic meter, the supremacy of Pope is more than papal. Greece, Rome, and Carthage fill an even greater area than in modern academic writing. Abstract moral reflections abound.

At commencement, in 1799, Mr. Samuel Whiting delivered a poem on "The Rise and Fall of Society and Nations." In 1803, Messrs. Hammond and Richardson performed a dialogue entitled "Society and Solitude," Mr. Hammond representing Society and

Mr. Richardson appearing on behalf of Solitude. The commencement of 1801 was marked by a bold incursion into the realm of natural philosophy. There was a "Forensic Disputation" on the question, "Is the Earth an Oblate Spheroid?"

This debate was only second in importance to a memorable meeting of the "Norwich Literary Union" of which I was once a humble member. We settled in a single evening two problems which have long engaged the attention of debating societies—"Which is the more useful animal, the horse or the cow?" and "Was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?" The discussion was decided on the merits of the question, in favor of the horse and Queen Elizabeth, but on the merits of the argument, in favor of the cow and Mary Queen of Scots.

Another commentary on student life is found in the books of account of Mr. Richard Lang, who kept a store at Hanover at the beginning of the century. The accounts are much alike, and contain items like these—"1 bunch quills, 1 d.;" "1 slate and pencil, 1.5 d.;" "gingerbread, 6 d.;" "1 candlestick, 10 d.;" "snuffers, 7 d.;" "raisins, 7 d." There are also many items of this nature—"1 pt. W. I. rum, 1.6 d.;" "1 qt. cherry rum, 1.6 d.;" "sugar, 5 d.;" "spoon, 6 d.;" "lemons, 8 d." I notice one statement showing that the student, during an entire year, bought nothing but liquors, with the exception of two articles. Toward the close of the record, appears the item "1 Bible" and a few days later, "1 pair green spectacles." It would be an instructive study to trace the connection between these three classes of investment.

On the other side of the accounts are pinned letters from anxious parents, expressing surprise at the amount of the bills for educational supplies. There are also sere and yellow promissory notes still awaiting collection.

In spite of its restrictions, the college numbered on its catalogue many names which are remembered with greatest honor. Early in the century, the troubles which ended in the "Dartmouth College Case," began to check the march of progress. Afterward there was a steady growth for many years, but it brought little change to the village of Hanover, and student manners retained certain char-

acteristics of the former era. Long after the day of railroads, the ingenuous youth rode to college on horseback, clad in homespun. Often at the opening of the college year, Hanover welcomed the "candidate for matriculation," mounted on a farm wagon, drawn by the horse which could be most easily spared from farm work, and bearing the blessing of his mother and the furniture of his grandmother.

Until a much later time, chapel exercises were held, before day-break in midwinter in the old chapel in Dartmouth Hall, lighted by candles and heated by the *Aurora Borealis*. The chronic form of suicide known as "boarding one's self" may not be unknown at the present day. Till within twenty years, the idea of paternal (or maternal) government was unpleasantly prominent. Instructors were expected to do police duty, and their relations with students savored too much of an old-fashioned district school on "the Cape." Students respected their professors and valued their instructions, but seldom showed their appreciation until after leaving college.

The lack of amusements and of rational forms of exercise produced violent and monstrous developments. It was for years a regular form of recreation to drag Deacon Hale's summer-house to the middle of the campus, where it would be seen in the morning, surrounded by blinds and gates from houses of the village. The identification of their property by the several owners, and the restoration of the summer-house, furnished entertainment on the following day. Another laborious kind of pleasantry was the elevation of a horse or cow to the college belfry. In the museum of the Medical School was a stuffed zebra which was the object of much attention, being frequently found at the presidential desk in chapel or on the front porch of a professor. The resources of the Medical Department were drawn upon from time to time in other directions, as alumni will remember. Societies for the Prevention of Gallinaceous Longevity figured among the social organizations. Barbaric foot-ball rows and chaotic cane rushes were of frequent occurrence.

These were followed by long consultations of the faculty and two

or three spectators, who had been hovering about the outskirts of the rush and had been noted by some near-sighted tutor, would be suspended. Disapproval of the decision of the faculty would sometimes find expression in nocturnal breaking of windows and fences. There would be excited class meetings for some days; the excitement generally ending in the harmless and soothing formality of an appeal to the trustees.

After 1870 came a new era. As the red savages were left behind with the eighteenth century, the traces of white savagery fade away with the nineteenth. Among the causes of the transformation are the cultivation of systematic athletics, the influence of the "university idea," and the generosity of friends of the college in improving its buildings and appliances. As to the first, I believe its value can hardly be placed too high. Student life, especially in the monotony of a country village, must have a safety valve. The young men who come to Dartmouth are not monastic ascetics. They are not of the anaemic type of scholarship. The characteristic force which brings them to the front in active life, expends itself then in editing city journals, leading legislatures, teaching the next generation, and climbing to success in business and professions. This vitality is of the body as well as of the mind, and in college it demands exercise in both directions. And it is surely better to break records on the athletic field than to break windows in the college buildings. From a purely ethical point of view, it must be admitted—with extreme reluctance—that it is more edifying to "steal bases" on the ball ground than to steal apples from the professorial orchard.

It is objected that base-ball, foot-ball, and general athletics only appeal to a few; that many students receive no benefit. But from the present point of view that is immaterial. If the weaklings do not care to improve their physical condition, it is their own affair. They would do no harm anyway. But the few who do go into foot-ball and the like are the few who, under the old system of unnatural repression, would wreak their overplus of energy on the public peace rather than on each other. Gymnastic exercise and athletic training bring self-command and improve the personal

bearing, to say nothing of their priceless benefit to health, or of the reflex influence on mental work. The interchange with other colleges broadens the ideas and gives a needed color and interest to student life. To graduates of 1878 it is a matter of no small satisfaction that the new athletic field is largely the work of a member of our class.

The influence of the modern university system tends in the same direction, giving the student larger option to follow his own taste, making him responsible to himself, and treating education as a privilege rather than a duty. The male human animal of collegiate age is either a boy or a man. If treated as a boy, he acts like a boy. If regarded as a man, he conducts himself like a man.

But these forces would have had but little effect without the practical aid of alumni and friends. As the early growth had been checked by inner dissensions, the new departure was delayed by outer competition. Within twenty years the enrichment of other colleges and the endowment of new institutions has been phenomenal. Dartmouth with its remoteness of location and poverty of resources seemed to be left out in the cold. But now the faith of its friends and the attachment of its sons were shown in solid shape. Half a dozen new buildings have arisen, of fine architecture and modern convenience. A chapel has been built as massive and noble as the character of the man who gave it. The old college church is transfigured by the touch of grace and beauty. The School of Medicine has gained the practical advantage which was needed to complete its usefulness. A hospital has been established, beautiful in form and purpose and in memorial meaning. The library no longer risks its existence in an ancient pile of brick and spontaneous combustion, but is secured in a handsome edifice.

All these associations tend to humanize and harmonize. Without decreasing the rugged, earnest power, which has always been typical of Dartmouth, they encourage the gentlemanly culture, which for many years has been equally characteristic.

The village of Hanover has surpassed the college in the act of transformation. The elemental forces of cold and fire have come into repeated collision with the Hanover Fire Company. While

all three combatants have survived, the scene of conflict can hardly be recognized. The returning graduate no longer finds the picturesque Dartmouth Hotel, retired from the dust and turmoil of the street, with its broad verandas and refreshing shade, and the genial, gracious hospitality. The eye seeks in vain for the sensuous oriental architecture of the Tontine. But there are other buildings in their place which to the degenerate, modern eye, no doubt appear in keeping with the progress of the town. Concrete walks, street lamps, and other improvements give the village a metropolitan aspect.

The farms of northern New England are not now the chief dependence of the institution. Young men of the Dartmouth type are coming from every state, to gain its inspiration and maintain its traditions. The old college looks out upon a new life. Its voice no longer breaks the shadowy silence of a material wilderness, but it will ring all the clearer as “*vox clamantis in urbe.*”

Edwin W. Sanborn '78.

ALTRURIA.

Suggested by William D. Howells's “A Traveller from Altruria.”

A GAIN a prophet has afar descried
 That happy land, those islands of the blest,
 Low-lying in the splendor of the West,
 At sunset, far beyond the ebbing tide.
 Again we look away, and see the wide
 Expanse of sky; but gaze with troubled breast,
 Unsatisfied, and filled with strange unrest—
 A longing for some precious gift denied.

Why watch we seaward still with straining eyes?
 Altruria, Atlantis, they are here,
 And not the vision of a mystic's trance.
 We walk their shining ways, their sunny skies
 Bend over us, but yet we grope in fear,
 And blindly miss our great inheritance.

Newton Marshall Hall '88.

COLUMBUS.

I.

A TALL, slight lad, absorbed, yet often gay,
He toils half-hearted at the common task,
Is not too quick to do what others ask,
And much prefers to pass the livelong day
Listening to tales of desperate affray
Told by a grandsire, who delights to bask
In the warm sun and from an oft-filled flask
Of ruddy wine renew his youth's essay.

The old one tells of deeds of fierce emprise,
When with brave crew and stout sail drawing free,
He chases galleons to their doom, and buys
With bloody strife rich treasure. And in glee,
The boy, with fire of rapine in his eyes,
Hears the hoarse murmur of the distant sea.

II.

On lawless cruise, where the Columbi roam,
He goes forth with them in his fresh, young zeal,
Heedless that henceforth he shall never feel
A mother's care or know the peace of home.
Swiftly he glides across the glistening foam,
While the wind rages and the slim masts reel;
Or watches constellations, as they wheel
In stately majesty round heaven's dome.

And in the zest of battle, all unhurt,
When the staunch craft sweeps down upon its prey,
He at the prow, in ardor to assert
His valor, greets defiantly the fray,
Like a trained falcon, sharp of eye, alert,
Intrepid, pitiless, and quick to slay.

III.

Versed in the legends fiction-mongers tell
The fancy of the credulous to please,
Of loathsome monsters, lying in wait to tease
The helpless sailor, where thick mists repel

The stoutest ships, and other terrors dwell
Too ghastly for recital—on all these
He thinks, and on the sun that o'er the seas
Glares red in the reflected light of hell!

Such mockeries do not move him; in profound
Contempt for idle vaporings, he will feast
His mind on theories wiser men propound,
The words of Toscanelli not the least:
“I hold it true that this our earth is round;
Look westward for the highway to the East.”

IV.

Northward he voyages, where the glaciers steep,
Frown from the margin of that ice-crowned isle
Whose hardy sons, in resolute exile,
Plough the great waters, and stern harvest reap
Of noble deeds, and so in memory keep
The tales with which their ancestors erstwhile
Were wont the random hours to beguile
In long night-watches on the wandering deep.

The young Italian learns from them strange lore
Of far outlying lands by fortune blest,
Where silvery seas upon a tropic shore
Roll ceaselessly. The mad desire of quest
Grows on him; and thenceforward, evermore,
The hand of fate points steadfast to the West.

Huntington Smith '79.

RENEWAL.

I SAW one faring up the hills of Life
 Beneath a sultry noon-tide's blazing beams ;
 His shield bore dents from many a field of strife,
 His rusty mail was gashed in gaping seams.
 He walked alone, a pilgrim staff for spear,
 Nor called for help, believing none would hear.

I saw him once again far up the height ;
 Upon his staff a pennon fair unfurled,
 His peerless brow was radiant with light,
 He moved in strength with thews to throw the world.
 Before the victor fled his foeman grim,
 For he was mighty since Love walked with him.

Ozora Stearns Davis '89.

A NEWSPAPER ITEM.

IT was Thanksgiving night in the *Morning Tribune* office, half a dozen years ago or so, and things were gradually drawing on toward the regular once-in-twenty-four-hours crisis, which results in the daily dissemination of that heterogeneous conglomeration of fact and fiction, opinion and insinuation, called news. The history of one day in a newspaper office is the history of every day. There are only so many ways of killing and being killed, of loving and of being loved, of hating and of being hated. The facts are like a child's box of blocks ; now you use some, now you use others, and put them together in one of so many ways. The facts never vary beyond a certain point. The combinations are different ; that's all. If you tickle a man he looks pleased, smiles and laughs ; if you prick him, he looks grave, scowls and raves. If he smiles or laughs it may be well with you ; if he scowls or raves, it may be ill. Nothing else can come of it, for there's nothing else to do.

The *Tribune* people had nearly all come back from their night assignments, and the copy was piling up on the "city ed's" desk much faster than he could cut and slash his way through it.

Upon the long, smoky room, with its paper-bestrewn floor, its dingy walls, and its neglected, opaque windows, a rush of industry had descended, and the scratched, scrawled, and scribbled pages were multiplying at the rate of half a dozen a minute. Every desk had its man, and every man was pushing a story, good, bad and indifferent, out of his pen-point onto the smooth-woven paper before him. Little Jack Davis, three months in the business, was thrashing away at an early evening fire, and making more fuss about it than an experienced man would have found necessary had he been covering a four-acre conflagration. At the next desk to Davis was Johnny Weatherspoon, big, athletic, and imperturbable, finishing up a story that would ruin two or three men by exposing their wickedness when it came to light the next morning, and doing it as quietly as if he were fixing up a half-stick story of a surprise party. Jack, who seemed to think the entire reputation of the morning's paper rested on his two-penny fire, would get ten lines in print after all his fuss and flurry was over, while Johnny would get a column leaded and a half-column solid, with a scare head and the left-hand side of the first sheet.

Jack was one of that kind of fellows who go to a meeting, stalk down to the table usually placed for reporters, take the most conspicuous seats, pose continually, send wise and benignant glances upon the audience while the performance is going on, and generally manage to convey the impression that in them alone the entire power of the press is concentrated: and then go back to the office and get a measly paragraph or two into type, with half the names misspelled and the real feature of the meeting missing. Johnny, on the other hand, would sit down in a back seat, or lounge about near the door, and never seem to be paying attention to anything that was going on, and when press-time came have an excellent story in the form that everybody would read. Somehow the city editor always looked satisfied and said nothing when he took up Johnny's copy, but when he came to tackle Davis's he looked solemn, and it was: "Davis, what do you mean by this?" "Davis, this can't be right." "For Heaven's sake! Davis, why don't you tell the story, and not go 'round and 'round

it, like a cat worrying a rat?" and so on. But most every fellow has to go through that sort of thing, and, if he is of the right sort, gets his eye-teeth cut in time, wakes up to the fact that instead of knowing the business he knows nothing, and then begins to be useful.

Well, Johnny Weatherspoon had finished his story and had handed it in, and was sitting on his desk smoking a bulldog pipe, thoughtfully going over his article in his mind, to be sure there were no slips in it, while young Davis was still in the throes of his kerosene-lamp explosion. Buckley, the police headquarters man, was at the telephone ringing the rounds, and eating a big ham sandwich at the same time, for he had had a bad Italian stabbing case to handle and had gone without his supper.

"Hullo," said Buckley, with his mouth full of ham and bread, and his ear to the telephone, "is this police headquarters? Anything new since I was there, Billy?" (to the lieutenant on duty). "All right, good-by."

Next he got the Second precinct; all was quiet there. Down at the third, Captain Daly's bailiwick, there was a petty larceny, a rough-and-tumble fight in a saloon, and a wife-beating. These kept Buckley busy for a time, grunting drowsy questions into the 'phone and taking rough notes as the answers came back across the wire. At last he said good night to the lieutenant, after flinging some good-humored Billingsgate at him, with whom he seemed to be on terms of perfect understanding, and called for the Fourth precinct. An exchange of greetings, an inquiry after the welfare of the lieutenant's youngest child, who had been very sick, and then Buckley bent his ear closer to the 'phone, asked a short, sharp question or two, hung the receiver up with a bang, and rang off. "Well, I'm blowed, but here's a beauty for you, John."

"What's up?" said Weatherspoon, never moving from his perch on the desk, but eyeing Buckley keenly, to be sure it was no "job" to send him out into the night on a fool's errand.

"Why, there's a man dying in a house at 794 Prince street, and he wants to see you, and won't see anybody else. The lieutenant says the man's son just came into the station and asked that you be sent for on the jump. He wouldn't tell what was up; said

it was nothing criminal. His father has consumption, and that Mr. Weatherspoon couldn't have the heart to refuse the request of a dying man."

"What's the man's name?" said Johnny, who now had his mackintosh on and buttoned up, had tucked a wad of copy-paper into his pocket, and had made sure he had a couple of pencils.

"Dyott," said Buckley, bolting the last of his sandwich and chucking a bit of crust into a waste-basket; "Thomas Dyott."

"Don't know him; blest if I do, but there's something in this, and I'll find it out. Hang by the telephone, Buckley, and I'll fire the story down to you from the Fourth precinct as soon as I get it."

"Better take a gun, Weatherspoon," said young Davis, drawing out a huge six-shooter from a drawer in his desk.

"Bah!" said Weatherspoon, and banged the door behind him.

Down stairs on the street was a red-faced cabby, pacing up and down in the rain looking for a job. He had the blanket off his horse, and had detached the oat-bag from its nose, by the time Weatherspoon had reached the cab door.

"Seven ninety-four Prince, in a hurry, Leary; take the cross streets, and get there quick." Then the door slammed, and off they went. It lacked about forty minutes of midnight, with the rain coming down steadily. Thanksgiving was taking itself off in nasty fashion. Newark never seems so cheerless to its newspaper men as when, on some such occasion as this, they lie stretched out in a dark corner of a jumping, rattling cab, late at night, with an ugly job ahead, for all such jobs are far from pleasant. People have to be waked up and asked questions which they are sure to dislike to answer. Other people have to be told that a son has been killed on the railroad away off somewhere, in order that the newspaper may be sure that the dead or mangled one is really related to the person interviewed. Yes, it is bad business, and the newspaper man doesn't do it for fun.

At last the cab stopped, and Johnny was on the sidewalk knocking the tobacco from his pipe against one of the wheels. A young man, scarce twenty, came down the steps of a plain story-and-a-half frame house just as Johnny turned around.

"Is this Mr. Weatherspoon?" queried the young man anxiously.

"Yes," said Johnny, eyeing the young fellow sharply. They walked up the steps, and when in the hallway the young man bolted the door. Johnny took a quick survey of the place in the meantime. There was a lamp on a plain deal table in the narrow hall. The doors of the various rooms were open, and, so far as * Johnny could see, the house was empty of either furniture or human beings. The place had an air of dreary loneliness. Johnny shuddered, he scarcely knew why, but he looked at the young man, whom, if necessary, he could have knocked senseless with a single blow, and waited.

"Mr. Weatherspoon," said the young man, "I thank you. You don't know me, but my name's Harry Dyott. My father is dying and he——"

"Yes, I know," said Johnny curtly, but kindly. "Where is he, please, and what does he want?"

The first query was answered by a hollow, hacking sound, which echoed through the whole dreary place, and was the more uncanny from the fact that it seemed to come from beneath the floor. It was the dying man's cough, and the son, wiping his eyes hastily on the back of his hand, led the way through the hall, Johnny following at his heels, eager, now that his curiosity was fully aroused, to go anywhere and do anything to solve the mystery. At the rear of the hallway the young man turned, and inserting a key in a lock, pulled open a door. A breath of damp air wafted upward. By means of a faint light from below, the cellar stairway could be dimly discerned. As they started to descend, the hacking cough came again, and this time with awful distinctness, leaving it plain that a man was gasping out his life in the mouldy excavation beneath the house.

"Here's Mr. Weatherspoon, father," said the young man, as they reached the ground. Johnny turned his head, and for the first moment felt his brain turn, for he saw a sight the like of which had never come to him before in his ten years of knock-about newspaper work. At the rear end of the narrow cellar was a small reflector lamp, and not far from it was a strange enclosure, built of

iron bars. It had a narrow door, which was shut and apparently locked, and within, on a bed of straw and an old blanket or two, lay a man, his face wasted away from the dread ravages of consumption. The man raised his head and endeavored to sit up as they approached, but fell back, unequal to the effort. The movement was accompanied with a harsh, metallic jingling, and then Johnny's quick eyes noticed that the man had a ball and chain fastened to his right leg by an iron band just above the ankle. The enclosure in which he lay was plainly a cell, and the man had all the appearance of being a convict, although he lay in the cellar of an empty house, unguarded or uncared for by any one, save his young son.

Weatherspoon sat down upon an old chair near the door of the cell, and the man, turning upon his bed, gazed at him out of hollow, restless eyes. He was very weak, manifestly near the end, but there was a world of vitality in those earnest, fiery eyes which seemed to Johnny to pierce him through. If he had ever known the man, he was so wasted that recognition was impossible, so he waited until the man should be able to speak, for the attempt to rise had brought on a fearful fit of coughing, which left its victim breathless and exhausted. Finally he managed to speak, but in a weak and uncertain voice that made it necessary for Johnny to put his ear close to the cell bars to catch what he had to say.

"Weatherspoon," said the man, slowly, "I sent for you, because I know you always do your duty and can keep your mouth shut when it is wise. Do you remember the trial and conviction of Sam O'Donnell for burglary six years ago? You did it for your paper, you know, and you printed the best accounts of any of the papers. You were fair, in so far as you knew. Do you remember me now?"

Like a flash the thing came back to him. "Yes," said Johnny, "I remember now," looking at the man long and steadily. "O'Donnell got six years for cracking a place down in the Fourteenth ward. He was a machinist, and got into his employer's house the night before pay day. The boss was a queer old chap, and always counted out his money in his room at home. He

kept a safe there, and O'Donnell, who was very skilful at that sort of thing, hoped to break into it without arousing any one. He got into the room, and was about to chloroform the boss when the boss woke up. O'Donnell ran, but the noise had aroused the boss's family, and O'Donnell was caught a block from the house. Thomas Dyott was O'Donnell's foreman, and appeared in the case as a witness to testify to O'Donnell's previous good character, and it was thought at the time that this testimony had a good deal to do with O'Donnell's getting off as light as he did." Johnny paused. The man lay still, with his eyes closed. In the dim light his face looked a ghastly greenish gray, and for a moment Johnny thought him dead. Slowly the heavy eyelids opened.

"Right, all right," said the man huskily. "I am that Thomas Dyott. Now, think again; when was O'Donnell sent to Trenton?"

"The fourteenth of September, 1880."

"Right again. His time was up last September, was n't it?"

"Yes; but he was pardoned out a year ago on account of good behavior."

"Yes, yes; but never mind that. What I want to tell is something that you must promise not to reveal as long as my wife lives. After that, I want you to print all that I will now tell you, so that the world shall know the evil I have done. My son here knows it all, but my wife thinks I'm insane, and it's better she died thinking so. Will you promise?"

The man spoke with such feverish insistence, that Johnny hastened to promise, and to please him he removed his hat as he gave it, although it made no difference to Johnny. His word was given, and that ended it.

"Well," said Dyott, speaking hurriedly, as if fearing that there was not time left him to tell it, "I was O'Donnell's pal. I was behind him in the hallway when the boss woke up and the alarm was given. I stepped into a closet until the boss and his son had rushed from the house in the pursuit. Then I stole out and got away in safety. How I managed it I don't know. People were rushing one way after O'Donnell, and never thought of his having a companion. The next day I went to see O'Donnell at the jail,

and got him to promise he wouldn't squeal on me. I knew of other jobs he'd done, and told him it would go harder with him if he gave me away, and I told what I knew about him, than if he kept me out of it. He saw the reason in it, and never let on but what he was doing the job alone. After the excitement of the trial was over, and O'Donnell had gone to Trenton, I began to worry, and finally it got so I couldn't think of anything else. I had never done a criminal thing in my life before. O'Donnell was a good workman and I liked him. We got chummy, and one night at our beer he told me of some robberies he'd committed and how slick he'd done 'em. He owned a house he had been able to buy. Nobody dreamed he was a crook, but he'd done them just the same somewhere in England. Well, he got me into a scheme to rob our boss, and that's all there is to that part of it. The more I thought over the matter the more wretched I became. I could get no peace day or night. I thought of O'Donnell in his cell. I knew I belonged there with him, and I swear to you I would have given myself up had it not been for my wife and son. Finally I got into such a state that sleep was impossible, and as I lay awake I went over and over the whole thing. One night it came to me like an inspiration, that I could serve my time like O'Donnell and still not go to jail. I knew I would go crazy unless I did something and did it soon, and when the idea came to me I seized on it at once. I built myself this cell and made this ball and chain, and every night for the last six years, until recently, I have walked this cellar floor from 7 o'clock until midnight. Then I would shut myself in here and sleep. From the first night I did it I found I could get sleep. During the day I worked the same as ever. My wife does not know what I have been doing, and she never will if you keep your oath to me, Weatherspoon. I brought the material for the cell and the ball and chain into the house when she was sleeping. I put a new lock on the cellar door. Then I told her I had decided to sleep in the cellar. Of course she protested. She begged and implored me to tell her what the matter was, but I never gave her any satisfaction. I had been so silent and wrapped in my thoughts that she now came to

the conclusion that I was crazy. So she humored me, and every night after supper I would come down here and stay until morning, when we would have breakfast and I would go to my work. Within a year I saw the strain was wearing her away, and it nearly broke my heart, but I felt that my only hope was to do my six years' time, and that after that I could look folks in the face. It was all a foolish fancy, I know now, but in my desperation I knew nothing else to do. In two years my wife's health was badly shattered, while mine seemed as good as ever, though I noticed this cough had begun to come. All this time I had kept the cellar door securely locked, and she had never known of the cell. She was so patient through it all, but I saw it would kill her, so I made her leave me and go back to her old father in the country. Then she thought I must surely be mad, and until I promised to have Harry, my son, with me in the house she would not go. I swore to her that I had some work I was doing down here in the cellar, and that it would be done in four years more. So she went away. Harry had been working at his trade all this time in New York, and I sent for him and told him all. He has spent his days at his trade, and his nights he has passed here in this house with me, for I could not endure the thought that any one should do my penance with me. Late last summer my health became so bad I had to give up work. Since then I have passed all my time in here. Last September O'Donnell's full time came to an end. I had thought all along to give up my cell and the ball and chain then, but I saw my life was going from me, and I decided to make it a life sentence. To have gone to my wife then, a mental and physical wreck, would not have prolonged my life, and would only have made her burden greater. You see, my greatest desire all along has been to keep the knowledge of my crime from her. Now she thinks me mad, and as my son writes her regularly that I am well cared for, she is far better off than if she knew the whole fearful truth."

Dyott had spoken rapidly, and, although frequently interrupted by horrid spells of coughing, had at last finished his story. Weatherspoon, with his head bowed, sat silent on the old chair,

while the son lay close to the cell, clasping two bars in his hands. For some moments there was a deep silence. Weatherspoon seemed sunken in the depths of gloomy reverie. Of all strange things he had ever known in life, this was so much the strangest that he could only vaguely take it in as yet. He glanced down at the earthen floor. There, plainly discernible, was a hollow path, worn by the voluntary convict's weary feet, and the heavy iron ball, which he had dragged behind him miles and miles, while all the busy life of the teeming city went on about him. How deeply the fangs of remorse must have set themselves in his heart! How, bit by bit he must have been goaded on to impose upon himself this awful task, which savored rather of the penitential acts of middle ages, than the doings of a sane man in this latter day! And yet he was sane, and his mind remained clear until the very last. Again the coughing racked the frail body, and as the spasm ceased, the man's chest heaved with one final long-drawn-out, clattering breath, and he lay still.

Weatherspoon sat like a man of stone, and the son lay gazing into space, with features set in a vacant stare. Presently the instinct of the newspaper man, which is never truly dormant, asserted itself. Weatherspoon looked at his watch. It was 2 o'clock, and the last form went down in an hour. He must let the people in the office know he had no sensation coming. He roused the son. They unlocked the cell door and gently unfastened the manacle from the dead man's ankle. The son took the little lamp from in front of the reflector and led the way, while Weatherspoon followed with the worn-out body in his arms. The deserted house resounded fearfully as they went. They placed the body on the son's cot in the attic, and arranged it as if the man had died there. Then the son sat down, still dazed and dry-eyed, to wait until day should come, and Weatherspoon went away.

Fifteen minutes later Buckley was roused from his doze at his desk in the *Tribune* office by the sharp tinkle of the telephone bell.

"Hullo, Johnny; that you?"

"Yes, Buck; here's a death notice."

"All right; fire away."

"Thomas Dyott, aged 59, died early this morning, at his residence, 794 Prince street, of consumption. He leaves a wife and one son. Deceased had been until recently a foreman in the machine shops of Black & Smith, and was held in high esteem by his employers and friends for his uprightness and conscientious dealing."

"Have you got it, Buck?"

"Yep; is that all?"

"That's all."

F. J. Urquhart '87.

TO AN HONORED CANE.

THOU portly stick of genial yellow,
Full many a pave thou'st trod with me;
Staunch to thy hickory core, old fellow,
Friend from the days that used to be.

Under the elms of our Mother royal
Four score of knives thy shell did hack.
Thou touched the hands of a phalanx loyal,
For "Simp," and "Biler," and "Doc," and "Quack"

And "Sam" and "Bill" and the whole brave party
Lent to thee some of their spirits rare;
Essence of all art thou, my hearty,
Swelling with pride in thy corner there.

Many a midnight tramp thou'st lightened,
Chatting of dear-remembered hours;
Many the gloomy spirit, frightened
Out from my heart by thy kindly powers.

So in the years when my footsteps falter
Be thou the strength that my days shall lack,
Born of the ties no fate can alter,
Of "Simp," and "Biler," and "Doc," and "Quack."

Wilder D. Quint '87.

DARTMOUTH SONG.

Tune : Leonard.

SOFTLY blows the cool, fresh evening breeze,
 Sweet are the birds' low calls,
 The shadows surge in silent seas
 Around old Dartmouth's halls.

But never shade that comes can dim
 Her glory into haze,
 The waste that heard her herald hymn
 Now blossoms to her praise.

Her sons drank from the mountain rills
 Elixir, strong and sweet,
 The children of the granite hills
 Are sitting at her feet.

No storms their manly hearts can chill
 Who battle with the snow,
 The wild winds set their lips a-thrill,
 The stars their hearts a-glow.

Full many a gallant armiger
 Has issued from her wall
 To fight for honor and for her,
 Kind mother of us all.

And now an eager, gathering throng,
 From near and over sea,
 Their life, their love, their soul, their song,
 Bring back to thee, to thee !

William Byron Forbush '88.

A PARABLE.

John Bingham stood for a moment in his office reading the evening paper, and thinking of the many congratulations he had received since the *Morning Budget* had announced his engagement to Agnes Underhill. Club men had dropped in to pat him on the shoulder with the familiarity of good-fellowship; "long-headed" business men had smiled upon him in approval of his shrewdness in choosing for riches; and his employés had repeatedly shaken his hand.

Near him the rapid click of the typewriter told of the correspondence which must be finished before nightfall. The sound became almost feverish as the fair-haired girl copied an answer to a note of congratulations from the branch office in Philadelphia. One might have noticed a drawn look upon the pale face which was thrown into strong light and shade by the electric light which hung at her side.

"It's mighty hard on Sue," thought John to himself, as he glanced at the halo of gold which the light made in her fluffy hair,—her back was turned towards him. "But she knew, of course, I was never in earnest with her. She knows the difference between our stations as well as I do. Still I pity the poor girl."

Could he have understood the cry of love and despair which the girl's heart was uttering that very moment, he would have known that pity of his was unworthy to be counted as the small dust of the balance beside the worth of her pure love. She had given him a woman's life; he had crushed it and thrown it carelessly aside.

She arose from her work, put on her jacket and hat, and stood before him. "Mr. Bingham," she said, "shall I ask the cashier to pay me? I shall not come again."

"Why, Sue," he replied, "what is the matter, are you ill?" She stood with eyes fixed upon the hand which held the evening paper. It was a soft, fine hand; she remembered the form of it to her dying day.

"No," she replied, "I am not ill, but I cannot work here any longer,"—and beneath her breath, "it would kill me."

"Sue," he said, "you are thinking of my engagement. That do n't need to make any difference with us. You could never have expected to marry me. We can be friends, the same as always."

A crimson flush overspread the white face, a suggestion of anger gleamed in the eyes. Only a strong effort could keep back the rage of insulted womanhood which tore her heart within. Was it not enough for him to break her heart, without insulting her to her face? Had it been friendship when he had whispered eternal fidelity in her ears, and had held her head upon the heart which he swore beat for her alone? She opened her mouth to speak bitter words, but stopped, thought a moment, and stepped closer to him, a ghastly effort at a smile upon her face. She would have died to make him happy—once. Now there was only one way. She laid her hand upon his arm. "John," she said, using the term of endearment which had meant so much to her but the night before, "promise me one thing."

"What is it, little one?" he said, and took her hands in his. Another flush, a quick start, a torrent of angry thought. He *dared* to speak to her in the old way, even now. A strong effort at self-control, and she went on. "Promise me you will be kind and true to *her*, always; that you will do all you can to make her happy."

"Of course I shall," he said; "why did you think of that?"

She smiled; she would have been amused, had it not all been so serious. She looked down at his hands, holding hers. There was the look in his eyes which she once took for tenderness. Now she saw it was only passion. "*This* would not make her happy," she said.

"But she shall never know," he replied.

"No, she shall not," she said, and looked into the future with dim eyes and an aching heart. A haggard woman and a little child gazed at her from the door which half opened to her foreboding vision.

"One thing more," she faltered. "Promise me on your—friendship for me, that you will not, even when she does not know, be unf—, do that which would make her sorry if she knew!"

He turned to one side, half in impatience, half in embarrassment.

Why should the girl take the thing so seriously? And yet enough of her heart lay open to him to fill him with a respect for her which he had not known before. He held her hands a moment longer. Her heart was breaking. She despised him, *despised* him for his weakness, yet she could have flung herself into his arms, she loved him so. She pressed his hands softly; it might be the last time she could touch them. The firmness of his grasp, the perplexed look in his eyes, she remembered always. He looked down, bit his lip, looked up, and saw gazing into his face a pair of gray eyes which were as calm as the morning. "Yes," he said, "I will promise."

"Thank you," she said, and then, "good night," and was gone.

A half hour later, the fair-haired girl was lying on her bed in a little, cheerless room, small that she might send money to her brothers and sisters at home, sobbing out the last throes of a breaking heart. It was not till morning broke that she heard speak to her a voice of comfort;—"These are they that have come out of great tribulation."

John Bingham and his wife lived a long life, one that the world calls happy. The shadow of the fair-haired girl never obtruded itself upon him, and indeed, he soon forgot her. It may have been his promise that kept him always faithful, in word and deed, to his wife; it may have been the lack of temptation to be otherwise. She filled the needs of his life, as a companion, a friend, as the mother of his children. What would you more?

In an obscure western town, cut off from all knowledge of her brothers and sisters, lived a fair-haired woman with her boy,—John Bingham's boy. He grew to be strong, manly, noble. He took his part in the young life of the growing town. He became popular, respected, and many times, in after years, he ascribed all that he was to his mother.

Deep in her heart dwelt two foes, contending ever for the mastery, Bitterness and Peace. Every day was a struggle with Memory. Could the scarred and scorched battlefield of her heart ever become fair and beautiful again? Never in the old way, the

careless, happy way of childhood. But a deeper peace came to her with constant victory, a joy which is not happiness, but blessedness, in sacrificing what the world called her life to those two men whom she greatly loved, father and child. Not that they deserved it; love does not ask for that.

Charles Frederick Robinson '90.

TO SIR WALTER.

THEY tell us, friend, you could not write
 By rule, with *motif* truly drawn;
 Your classic phrase is stilled, quite
 Too crude for Realism's dawn.
 Perth's maid is banned, with poor Hal Wynd;
 In vain meet knights at Ashby's lists;
 Provincial creatures of the mind
 Are these, so say our novelists.

But though I seem a silly boy,
 In all aesthetic sense untaught,
 When I made your heroes childhood's joy,
 And with birchen lance at tourney fought;
 Yet loyal still do I remain,
 And I know, whatever men may say,
 The "Wizard's" power shall long obtain,
 When these have had their little day.

As in days of old your champion came
 For Hebrew maid at Templestowe,
 So shall we now defend your name,
 In countless host, 'gainst critic foe;
 And bravely shall your tartans float
 For loving ages yet unborn;
 The chord of Locksley's bugle-note
 Lies deeper than all captious scorn.

Warren F. Gregory '88.

A CANZONE OF BERNART DE VENTADOUR.

This poem has peculiar historic interest. It was addressed by the famous troubadour to one who claims remembrance as a great countess in her own right, as queen of both England and France, as divorced by one husband and imprisoned by the other, as regent of a crown against which she had instigated more than one rebellion, as the persecutor of the Fair Rosamond, and as the mother of Richard the Lion-hearted. In short, "the Peerless" was Eleanor of Aquitaine, who had just left France and the poet, to sail for England with the second Henry, as his bride and queen.

Louis VII, King of France and leader of the second Crusade, had proved no more to her liking than she to his, and it helps us understand history and this poem to read how she said of him that she wanted "a man and not a monk" for a husband. Henry was certainly "not a monk" and the tuneful Bernart was unquestionably "a man," a very human one.

This canzone was written while the party was awaiting invitation or opportunity to cross the Channel for a visit to the English court. The rhythmical movement of Provençal verse cannot be reproduced in English, but the scheme of rhymes is carried over exactly from the original into this version. Especially noticeable are the rhymes continued from stanza to stanza, binding them together. It may be said, too, that the poet's line of thought is not tampered with, though it has not been found possible to preserve altogether that naïveté of expression which adds a charm of its own to the original.

SO filled with happiness am I
 That nature changes face,
 Rich flowers of many a brilliant dye
 For me the frost displace;
 When rains descend, and tempests fly,
 My joy but gains in grace,
 They only help my song rise high,
 My glory mount apace;
 For love and sweetness start
 So joyful in my heart,
 Meseems the flowers make ice depart,
 To verdure snow give place.

My garments I could all unlace
 And winter's harshness dare,
 For burning love my strength would brace
 Against the bitter air;
 Yet they but earn the fool's disgrace,
 Who self-control forbear,
 And this is very near my case,
 And hence my grievous care;
 The Peerless tries my heart
 Who might instead impart,
 More dear than gold in Frisian mart,
 A wealth beyond compare.

Her heart she yields me not,—my Fair,
 Yet token grants she me,
 That something has been conquered there
 As like love as could be ;
 And such delightful hopes prepare
 My eyes her face to see,
 And when we meet I'm sure despair
 Is not my destiny ;
 How full of love my heart !
 Toward her my thoughts upstart !
 Yet love and I must dwell apart,
 Since far from France is she.

So rich the hoped felicity
 Compared with what I gain,
 I only rise to sink, as we
 See ships do, on the main ;
 From present woe to get me free
 I seek escape in vain ;
 All night on bed of misery
 I writhe and turn in pain ;
 The pangs that wring my heart
 Are more than Tristan's smart,
 When, forced from blonde Yseult to part,
 His soul was rent in twain.

O God, were I a bird ! ' I'd fain
 Across the earth take flight,
 And ere the stars of night should wane
 By her would I alight ;
 Your lover for your love is slain,
 Fair lady, gay and bright,
 No heart such woe can long contain,
 Soon mine will break outright ;
 Before your love my heart
 Adores, and stands apart !
 Alas, fair form, fresh cheeks ! your art
 Has brought me grievous blight !

For nothing else can give delight,
 Of nothing else I dream,
 My heart bounds if one speak or write
 A word on this dear theme,

At once my face is all alight,
Though small the word might seem ;
And that I can be glad and light,
You 'd see by that quick gleam ;
Such love fills up my heart,
The tears do often start,
For richer savor they impart,
To sighs like mine, I deem.

Haste, messenger, and start,
Go tell her peerless heart,
I bear the pain and smart
Of martyrdom extreme.

Justin Harvey Smith '77.

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The very marked increase in the number of Latin-Scientific students entering Dartmouth within the past few years has been noted by many. Naturally this has led to an extension of the department, till now it is fully on a par with the regular Classical department. The greater number of Latin-Scientific students and Scientific courses does not imply that college men are seeking a lower standard of education. In nine cases out of ten it is not the education in itself that the young man seeks and values. It is desired by him only as a means to an end. Most fellows come to college, not as in former times that they may become educated and refined, but that they may be able to accomplish more in after life and serve the world better. Anything that will prepare them for their life-work is what the young men of to-day seek.

In the modern languages, the sciences, and mathematics they see something practical and useful, and seize upon it. A degree means very little to a man just entering college, and he chooses the course which for him has the greatest utility. After he has done his four years work, however, he begins to look upon his degree in a different light: as something that he has earned and has a right to.

As has been said, the Latin-Scientific course in Dartmouth is fully equivalent to the Greek course. The two courses after the

fall term of sophomore year are now practically alike, and with the enlarged courses in modern languages, the sciences and mathematics, which take the place of Greek, there seems to be no reason why the two departments should not be regarded as equal and the same degree offered. It has been argued that as long as the requirements for admission to college are not fully equivalent in the two courses the same degree cannot justly be given to Latin-Scientific and Classical students. That such requirements should be equal, though not identical, there can be no question. But, looking at it from another standpoint, the degree is given for work done in the college and not in the preparatory school. If the standard in the college is the same for the two courses and the work required equivalent, why should not the same or equivalent degrees be offered? The degree of B. L. which is open to Latin-Scientific students at Dartmouth is manifestly inferior to that of B. A. which is granted to those who have taken the little more than a year of prescribed Greek in college. In many of the leading colleges the Latin-Scientific course leads to the same degree as the Classical course.

Now that Dartmouth affords and requires courses in the sciences and modern languages which are fully equivalent to the one year of prescribed Greek, there can be no reason for discriminating longer in favor of the Classical course.

The advisability of publishing contributions from alumni in an undergraduate magazine is an open question. It is apt to give it a position among its contemporaries which is wholly undeserved. In many cases it is not indicated that the writer is a graduate, or, as is oftentimes the case, a professor. The discussion or article in question consequently passes for the work of an undergraduate. If college "Lits." would distinguish in some way between graduate and undergraduate work it would be a step in the right direction.

To overcome this, and yet not exclude the alumni wholly, it has seemed best to issue a special Alumni number. While this num-

ber does not by any means represent all the work that is being done by Dartmouth in the world of letters, it recalls many old LIT. editors who are still engaged in some kind of journalistic or literary work.

The older alumni, as well as those of recent date, are represented, and the CHAIR hopes that the interest shown in this special issue will continue. The LIT. takes this opportunity to thank those alumni who have made this graduate number possible by their interest and labor.

A Dartmouth Graduate Magazine! Why is not such a publication feasible? A bi-monthly or quarterly magazine of this kind would be of great value in bringing the alumni closer to the college. The loyalty of Dartmouth men is proverbial, and there ought to be an opportunity for the free discussion among the alumni of all questions that relate to the college. It would be a complete history of the current life of the college, and in later years would be of great assistance to historians. It could readily be conducted by the English department of the college, and be made of general interest by the insertion of purely literary articles. The CHAIR prophesies that within a few years there will be a Dartmouth Graduate Magazine.

The CHAIR wishes to call the attention of all alumni to the fact that large cases have been placed in the gymnasium in which all athletic trophies are to be preserved. The pennants, foot-balls, base-balls, bats, etc., which have been scattered through the college, have already been collected. The committee having this in charge earnestly request that every alumnus who has any souvenir, however trifling, of any athletic victory, will forward it for preservation among the college trophies. Such a collection in the "gym" will be a great incentive to faithful training on the part of the undergraduate. Let every alumnus look over his college souvenirs and see if he has not something to contribute. All letters and trophies should be sent to Prof. C. F. Emerson.

The two excellent articles on "Story Writing" and "Versification" which have been contributed to the *LIT.* by Prof. C. F. Richardson ought to be of especial value to those '96 and '97 men who have already begun or are intending to compete for editorships on the *LIT.* For '96 men there are but four remaining issues, and all work to be counted in the competition should be handed in by June 1.

A large number of stories of more or less merit are submitted to the *LIT.*, but very few sketches—sketches, that is, in distinction from stories—seem to be written. Now, just because certain kinds of writing do not often appear in the *LIT.*, we hope that our contributors will not suppose that the editors do not favor such productions. There are few things that will narrow a student's idea of literary work more than forming those ideas from his own college periodicals, rather than taking pains to study also the interesting features of such exchanges as may be accessible. If there is any one in college who wishes to write, yet does not feel competent to do anything along the lines that seem to be laid down by the *LIT.*, we would advise him to spend an hour in the library, looking over the magazines from Princeton, Williams, Amherst, and, above all, Yale. A study of the Portfolio in the last named Lit. will be a revelation to him. He will find that some of the best features of college prose seem to be lacking among us. Certainly there is an abundance of opportunity for men of talent and originality to venture into lines of writing that would be novel at Dartmouth and extremely valuable. Word-pictures, thoughts on current literary topics, light sketches from college life, will never be out of place. Indeed, it is one great mark of genius to be able to find matter for interesting comment in what seems commonplace and unattractive. Above all things, be original. Originality will atone for a multitude of faults.

The recent undergraduate ruling of the foot-ball association which debars all medical students from playing, is being rightly

condemned by all lovers of pure athletics and justice. The position taken by *The Dartmouth* represents, we believe, the sentiment of the college and alumni.

The undergraduate rule, as adopted, was claimed to have been put forth as a remedy for professionalism and the purification of athletics. But it is acknowledged by Amherst and Williams that this rule affects Dartmouth alone. How is this to purify athletics at Amherst and Williams? But above all, we think we can honestly say that Dartmouth's foot-ball does not need to be purified. To any fair-minded person it is evident, from the records of the past few years, that Dartmouth's foot-ball professionals have been a minus quantity. Any rule that will promote pure athletics, not only at Dartmouth but in the league, will have the hearty support of every Dartmouth man.

The medical department is as much a department of the college as the scientific departments, and the students, with the exception of those who have taken a college degree, as much undergraduates as the specials of our sister colleges. Dartmouth does not ask that all medical students be allowed to play on her foot-ball teams, but only those who are not college graduates but have come here from high schools and academies to take their medical course. In proof of the fact that the students of the medical department are undergraduates, let us look at the men now taking that course. In the entire department there are only *seventeen* men who have a degree of any kind: less than fifteen per cent. are graduates that would be debarred by a strictly undergraduate rule. A rule for the prevention of professionalism which applies to one college and not to the others in the league is openly unjust.

If Amherst wishes to purify our athletics, why did she not propose a similar non-medical rule in base-ball and track athletics? To a casual observer it would seem that Amherst was chagrined at her defeat in foot-ball the past season and took this means of preventing its recurrence. Our base-ball and track athletics did not need purifying simply because Amherst has a good show of winning the championship in these.

The conservatism of *The Dartmouth* in obtaining the opinion of

the college and alumni before taking a decided stand is to be commended. Now that the sentiment of all Dartmouth men is known definite action should be taken. Granted "that no ruling can utterly efface professionalism, and that that ruling is to be adopted which will most nearly attain the end," the point arises,—Does the ruling in question, which does not affect Amherst or Williams in the least, "most nearly attain the desired end" of purification of athletics? It most certainly does attain that end for Dartmouth—*and much more*: it debars from the foot-ball team many men who enter the medical department from academies and are "brought out" by careful training after they come to Hanover.

Dartmouth does not for a moment question the sincerity and friendliness of Williams, for it was wholly through her courtesy that Huff and Little will be allowed to play next year. The friendliness and independent position of Williams are appreciated by every Dartmouth man, and will be cherished whatever action is taken. The withdrawal of Dartmouth from the league, we feel positive, would not be "suicidal" to her. All that Dartmouth asks is, that every man in college who does not already hold a degree may be a candidate for her foot-ball team, as every undergraduate is thus qualified in Amherst and Williams.

The organization known as the Hospital Aid Society which has recently been formed by the ladies of Hanover deserves the attention and support of the students as well as of the alumni. The magnificent hospital which has been given will not be of material aid to the college or the community unless it is open freely to any student or resident of the village, whether he may be able to bear the expense or not. The ladies, in organizing the Hospital Aid Society, have taken upon themselves the providing of a free Hanover bed in the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital. The bed is to be open equally to any one who is at the time living in Hanover. The sum necessary for the endowment of a free bed is \$5,000. While this is being raised the ladies will pay the \$300 which is required to maintain a free bed for one year.

Two lectures have already been given under the auspices of the society, for the raising of funds—one by Mr. Bancroft on “English Ballads,” and the second on “The Planets,” by Prof. C. A. Young of Princeton. It is hoped that the students will at least appreciate the interest shown by the ladies enough to attend the lectures and entertainments which will be given from time to time. Several students have already been cared for at the hospital, and the endowment of a free bed would be most praiseworthy.

To those alumni who are to send their sons to Dartmouth this ought to be of especial interest. It might be a paying investment for such an alumnus to aid in the endowment of this free bed before sending his son to college.

Mrs. William J. Tucker is president of the society, and will be pleased to give further information. Contributions should be sent to the treasurer, Mrs. H. H. H. Langill.

PROF. EDWIN BRANT FROST.

The Shattuck observatory has been an important factor in astronomical discoveries during the past quarter of a century. Prof. C. A. Young, now of Princeton, made many of his discoveries at this observatory, and with the aid of the twelve inch telescope there. The present director of Shattuck observatory is Prof. Edwin Brant Frost, who also is assistant professor in astronomy. Professor Frost is the son of Prof. C. P. Frost, dean of the medical college. He was born in Brattleboro, Vt., July 14, 1866. At his graduation in the class of '86, with the degree of B. A. he took special honors in both physics and astronomy. Professor Frost spent the next year in post graduate study at Dartmouth and Princeton, and in teaching at Hancock, N. H. In the fall of '87 he was chosen instructor in physics and astronomy, and continued till 1890. He then began his study abroad, spending the year of '90-'91 in the study of mathematics and astronomy, in the university of Strasburg, Germany. In '91 he went to the royal observatory at Potsdam, to continue his work in astronomy. He soon received the appointment of assistant at the Potsdam observatory, and had unusual opportunities for original research. He continued as assistant until the fall of '92, when he was elected assistant professor of astronomy and director of Shattuck observatory at Dartmouth. Since taking his position, Professor Frost has added elective courses in advanced astronomy which are justly popular. Professor Frost has published twelve or fifteen articles on his researches and astronomical subjects in the leading scientific journals of the day. He is, at present, publishing a work on Stellar Spectroscopy, using the well-known work of Scheiner as a basis.

BY THE WAY.

We are so disrespectful in these enlightened days as to laugh at our college forefathers, the men of twenty or thirty years ago, who used to write long poems full of philosophy, theology, and heaven knows what ologies and isms. We are very just in our estimate: they were college striplings and did not know how to deal with such things. Sometimes, to be sure, a poem would rise above the abstruse philosophizing that went under the name of poetry, and something would be produced that was destined to become a college classic. Such a poem was "Waiting," by J. A. Bellows '78, a poem in which a deep, serious thought was so well carried out that it almost seems as if a system that could give rise to such excellent work could be pardoned for producing also an infinite amount of ineffectual strivings after great ideals which college men cannot be expected to reach. Yet we are very well satisfied, on the whole, and are not desirous of going back to the former poetical methods.

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But perhaps we have fallen into the opposite fault of not taking ourselves seriously enough. College verse is often too light altogether, and it seems to be showing a tendency to grow lighter. As one of our writers has said, puns and stale jokes that would elicit groans if uttered in prose, gain a wide circulation as "college verse." Doggerel is all right if it has a point to it; and as for poems on the subject of a kiss, stolen or donated, such sentimental productions are received with the greatest of applause. Many a college paper has gained a wide reputation for light verse by printing a vast deal of nonsense, mingled with which there could hardly fail to be some pieces of real wit and elegance.

Should we then abolish light verse, and write altogether in a sober vein? By no means. This sort of poetry, when it is well done and does not descend to silliness, is delightful. But genuine poetry is better than poor jokes in poor verse, and it almost seems as if, in many of our colleges, good poetry were at a discount. Now there can be true poems without any departure from plain every-day language, and without any attempt to grasp deep philosophical ideas. One of the most admired of Dartmouth poems consists of only eight lines, naturally and simply expressing a thought by no means complex. I refer to "The Sweet Serenity of Books," written by a member of last year's LIT. board. These few lines, it seems to me, represent the best phase of modern college poetry.

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Though verse like this is not so very rare, it is, unfortunately, not really common. The reason for the lack of such poetry may perhaps be found, like the reason for so many undesirable features of modern literature outside the colleges, in a faulty public sentiment. The would-be poet knows that a bright squib which he can write in fifteen minutes, if the idea for it happens to strike him, will procure him greater renown than a thoughtful, finished stanza of real poetry that has cost him hours of labor. Now let us be careful to recognize and commend attempts at high things, even if they sometimes fall short of perfection. If we are ready to accord such recognition, more of these attempts will probably be made. And let those who write consent to forego a little cheap applause for the sake of pursuing a really worthy aim. Such striving after high ideals will not result in bombastic effusions—we are beyond that now,—but it will tend to the elevation of college poetry. Let us keep our light verse, so charming at its best, but let us constantly remember that there is, after all, something higher.

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An interesting account of the journeyings of a lost manuscript appeared in one of the weekly papers not long ago. It was a nar-

rative of a somewhat fabulous order, and fable-like it ended with a moral, substantially as follows: "This goes to show that young men may better expend their energies in other ways than writing. There are very few occupations in which they cannot make more money with fewer vexations and annoyances." The idea of urging financial reasons against writing, to a young author who expects to fasten his fame to the stars is atrocious, of course, but it set BY THE WAY thinking. What *are* so many persons writing for, anyway? There is enough good literature already, so that one may spend a life-time reading, and not come within sight of the end. Why, then, should the young author thrust his productions upon the notice of busy people who ought to be reading something better? Doubtless literary work is a most excellent thing for the author, but, unless he is a real genius, it would seem that he is in danger of injuring the public.

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This leads us to another subject. We noticed in one of our exchanges, a few days ago, a sketch in pursuance of Mr. Howells's attack on the magazines. The writer of the sketch goes so far as to say: "An occasional well written and authoritative article concerning some important and crying topic of a political or scientific nature is a wise variety in the columns of a properly conducted magazine; but, making an exception of such a case, nothing should be admitted extraneous from literature and the fine arts." This sweeping statement aroused in us a spirit of contradiction, and we began to wonder if the magazines are not somewhat over-abused by the advocates of high art.

If, as we have just suggested, the modern creators of pure literature are directing our attention altogether too much from the English classics, surely there ought to be no complaint if the magazines furnish us with reading matter of another sort. For sublime poetry, brilliant essays, and great novels, we can resort to our library shelves; so perhaps we are not altogether wrong when we ask the magazines for things that we cannot find in the books. Really excellent literary work, the magazines always welcome

eagerly, but when this is not attainable, is it not eminently wise not to entrap us into reading inferior productions? Are not the miscellaneous articles of more value to us than any but the best poems, literary essays, and novels?

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In the sketch which suggested these remarks, the *Atlantic Monthly* was held up as a shining example to the magazines which had descended from high ideals to minister to a depraved public taste. This magazine, being entirely without illustrations, can afford to enlist the very best literary talent for its columns, and its standard is doubtless higher than that of any of its contemporaries. But, as regards matter "extraneous from literature and the fine arts," it is interesting to note that the *Atlantic* for February has a larger proportion of such articles than any of its three leading rivals of the same date. It thus appears that literary theories are sometimes wounded in the house of their friends. Another thing that we noticed was, that in three of these magazines there was hardly an article that did not appear to be of real interest and value. So let us not complain, but rather, if we have a thirst for something better than modern magazine literature, take down our Milton, our Shakespeare, or our Carlyle. If we do this we shall probably realize that there is as yet no danger of our suffering from literary starvation.

GRAYON BLEU.

A Japanese Interior. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The letters contained in this volume were written by the author while she was residing in one of the most conservative schools for girls in Tokio. During her residence in Japan she, as a teacher, was brought into very close contact with some of the most refined and cultivated of Japanese women. Being cut off from all English-speaking people, her sole resource was the companionship of those whose language and customs were unknown and unusual to her. Thus she was able to note and record many usages and manners which would have been otherwise unobserved. Customs of marriage, funerals, court, etc., are set forth, and with many local incidents make very interesting reading. One of the most noteworthy chapters is the one concerning the promulgation of the new Japanese constitution in 1889, and the assassination of Viscount Nori at that time, who had done much for Japan, and was among the prominent leaders in reform. Another interesting chapter is the one on the theatre and actors. The book is far above the average generally reached by such collections of letters, and a fair knowledge of Japanese customs may be gained by a few hours spent with this book.

Rachel Starwood. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The time of this story is the period of anti-slavery agitation just preceding the Civil War. Although on a familiar topic, and dealing with many well worn topics, as the searches for negroes and "underground railroads," yet there is a certain charm in the story which renders the book readable in spite of the defects. The simple and pure love story is not overdrawn, but the best and strongest point seems to be the nearness to which we are brought to some of the lives of those great leaders of those days. The peep into Lydia Maria Child's parlor, with its walls covered with the pictures of children, and Mrs. Child telling the children who visit her stories about them just as if they were alive, and the sunlight falling through a prism into the room causes one little visitor to remark "I've climbed into a rainbow." There is one great fault; we are led to feel that the life of the Quakers and Abolitionists, as here presented to us, is too simple and serene, too untainted by the strife and bitterness of the outer world. Of course there is the evil one in this Eden in the form of Mr. Suydam, the discord caused by Miss MacClare; and then the love affairs, which never do run smooth; but all ends well, for the lovers at least. The book should certainly be a success as what is commonly termed "The Summer Novel."

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey. By Lewis E. Gates. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is one of the Athenaeum Series published by Ginn, a series which is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature, from Chaucer to the present time. The books are carefully edited, with biographical and critical introductions and full explanatory notes. The essays presented in this volume are selected to illustrate Jeffrey's style and methods, to show the quality of literary criticism in his time, and also to present able

discussions of certain topics in literature in which all are more or less interested. Some of the subjects treated are Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, Scott's *Lady of the Lake*," Characters of Shakespeare, and Keat's "Endymion."

The Political Economy of Natural Law. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The object of the above named work is to outline a political economy which is practical and natural rather than theoretical, being a study of laws and principles. The titles of a few of the twenty-four chapters will give some idea of its contents. Among them are "The Law of Coöperation," "The Law of Competition," "Profit Sharing," "Socialism," "The Distribution of Wealth," "Money and Coinage," "Tariffs and Protection," "Industrial Education," etc. The book might be considered by many as idealistic, and is certainly optimistic, and in strong contrast to the many pessimistic teachings of the times. Those who heard Mr. Wood in his course of lectures here, know his power to entertain and instruct at the same time. In this book he shows this power, especially presenting his subject in a uniformly pleasing and telling manner, which is certainly a rare faculty in dealing with a subject so often considered dry. The book should receive the attention of all interested in the great social and economic problems of the day.

George William Curtis. By William Winter. New York: Macmillan & Co.

This little book, containing the eulogy upon one of our greatest men of letters, by a writer of rank, is a valuable and desirable addition to an American student's library. "Among American men of letters no man of this generation has so completely filled, as Curtis did, the ideal of clear intellect, pure taste, moral purpose, chivalry of feeling and personal refinement and grace." Go from these pages and read the works of Curtis, and every word, every sentence breathes the man that William Winter so nobly honors.

The Delectable Duchy. By "Q." New York: Macmillan & Co.

The author of this collection of sketches and stories is Mr. T. Quiller-Couch. "Q" writes of a region known and loved by him, and portrays characters and their superstitions much as Mr. Barrie does for his beloved Scotland. In fact the book is an admirable collection of character sketches delicately drawn, here pathetic and there humorous, introducing at all times an unfamiliar quaintness which attracts and holds us. "The Spinster's Maying" is certainly an original creation, half ludicrous, as is the thought of John's acting as a May day substitute to the old love of his deceased twin brother, yet the child-like trust and simplicity of both parties is a pleasing conceit. Nothing could be more pathetic than the picture of the devoted and believing mother, in "A Drawn Blind," whose faith in her son never failed; and the story of the little boy in "The Conspiracy Aboard the Midas," with his trustful and almost sublime innocence, yes, and ignorance, dying within the very sight of his beautiful and fairylike England, just as we are trembling for the results of the long practised deceptions, is one of the most pathetic sketches in the book. By the student interested in sketch and short story writing this book should receive the most careful attention.

The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony. By Rev. Wm. Pittenger. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The four biographies of Christ are given in the language of the Gospels, but blended together into one connected and harmonious history. To one who has been reading the gospels separately, this book will prove a great aid in straightening out the order and date of events. The book is invaluable for study, having interleaved pages showing the text

and sources of the additional interwoven passages. It contains maps of the Holy Land, many foot-notes, and a table for finding any passage of which the chapter and verse are known, and should prove a great help in Bible study.

Burg Neideck. By Wilhelm Riehl, with introduction and notes by Charles Wilson, professor of Modern Languages in State University of Iowa. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Tell-Tale Watch, from the German of George Höcker. *The Froiler Case*, from the French of J. L. Jacolliot. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons.

Two stories, each of which recounts the circumstances of a crime and the attempts of the police to detect the perpetrator. In the one we catch glimpses of the working of German law, and its method of search for and trial of an offender against law. In the other we see the methods of an highly organized detective and police force continually watching society, and knowing much concerning relations by individuals one to another even where no crime has taken place. These novels, although not to be deemed a high grade of literature, yet are not to be classed as the ordinary detective story. They are possible and even probable in the history of crime. "The Tell-Tale Watch" is an interesting history of a case, where evidently the criminal has been found according to the circumstantial evidence, but the watch, the means of bringing out the whole truth, shows how little such evidence may be trusted. The French tale is more improbable and shows more traits of nationality. The internal plotting and dissensions of the secret service, the use of office to gain purely personal ends, if not wholly French characteristics, are to a great extent so. The desire for revenge, and the involved ending of the story, are improbable and extremely unsatisfactory. It is an interesting thing to note the different degrees of unreality and sensationalism which appear in these two books of different nationalities on subjects so closely alike. The German is matter-of-fact and more closely approaches what might be truth. The French is further from truth, is more imaginative and unreal.

A History of the Town of Rochester. 2 vols. By Franklin McDuffee. Edited by Silvanus Haywood. J. B. Clarke, Manchester, N. H.

The library has just received a copy of this history of Rochester, N. H., which covers the period from 1722-1890. Both Mr. McDuffee and Mr. Haywood are Dartmouth men, graduating in the class of '53. The history is very complete and of exceeding interest, not only to the inhabitants of Rochester, but to all who are interested in the early Indian history of the state. There are many illustrations and maps, and typographically the two volumes are all that could be desired.

Le Maitrè de Français, published by Louis Fesson & Co., at Montreal, is at hand for January. It contains among other things, "Alphonse Daudet," by Albert d'Alponce; "Le Naturalisme et l'Idéal," by Pierre Loti; "La pute des Heures," by Paul Bourget; "Lessons de la Vie Parisienne," by Maxime Parr.

Scribner's Magazine for February contains one of the best articles which appeared in the periodicals of this month,—a pleasing study of the work of Edward Burne-Jones, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. Many of Mr. Burne-Jones's sketches and designs are reproduced for the first time, and with the accompanying text furnish one of the most attractive art studies recently published. Another article of unusual interest is "The Sea Island Hurricane, the Devastation," by Joel Chandler Harris, to be followed in March by a paper on "The Relief." The fiction includes a second installment of Geo. W. Cable's novel of the

new South, "John March, Southerner," and short stories by Mary Tappan Wright, Robert Russell, and George Putnam. Poems are by Mrs. Fields, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and M. L. Van Vorst. An article that should interest Dartmouth men is that on "The School-Master," in the series on "Men's Occupations." Mr. A. B. Frost's drawings admirably illustrate an admirable article.

The *Century* for February opens with an excellent article on one of the great modern painters, Alma-Tadema. Among the articles "Criticism and Culture," by James Russell Lowell, "Old Dutch Masters," by T. Cole, "Nikola Tesla," by Thomas Martin, "Lincoln's Place in History," by John Coleman Adams, "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," by John G. Nicolay, and "The Real Stonewall Jackson," by D. H. Hill, are worthy of especial note. The number is especially rich in fiction, containing the continuation of Mark Twain's remarkable story, and the opening chapters of "Cour d'Alene" by Miss Foote. "A Romance of the Faith," by Herbert Ward, shows the tendency of the age to weave into the story and novel, Biblical characters, a tendency not to be encouraged. "Ben Hur" and "A Son of a Prophet" are both samples of such literary-theological creations. Still there is left much excellent work in poetry and fiction in this number still unmentioned, which will be a constant source of profit and pleasure until it is displaced by the March number.

Among the numerous articles of merit in the February *Atlantic* two in particular deserve especial mention. "Recollections of Stanton under Lincoln," by H. L. Dawes, and "The Educational Law of Reading and Writing," by Horace E. Scudder. The fiction of the number is excellent, but open to the criticism that it is almost entirely continued from or to some other issue. In poetry the lines to "Francis Parkman," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, are the principal contribution, and a beautiful tribute to

"A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

- "The Educational Law of Reading and Writing." *Atlantic Monthly*.
 - "A Menace to Literature." *North American Review*.
 - "A Dialogue between James Whitcomb Riley and Hamlin Garland." *McClure's Mag.*
 - "Lord Byron and the Greek Patriots." *Harper's*.
 - "The Beginnings of American Dramatic Literature." *New England Magazine*.
 - "Edward Burne-Jones." *Scribner's Magazine*.
 - "Chinese Poetry in English Verse." *Nineteenth Century*.
 - "Prof. John Tyndall." *Review of Reviews*.
 - "History and Fable." *Quarterly Review*. January.
 - "Lowell's Letters." *London Quarterly Review*. January.
 - "The Study of Irving." *The School Review*. January.
 - "Dorothea Casanbon and George Eliot." *Contemporary Review*.
 - "The Decline of Romance." *Westminster Review*. January.
 - "The Humour of Herodotus." *Westminster Review*. January.
 - "Popular Literature of Modern Italy." *Edinburgh Review*. January.
 - "Criticism and Culture." *Century*.
 - "English Literature of the Victorian Age." *Forum*.
- Unless otherwise stated the articles are contained in the February issue.

EXCHANGES.

The *Wellesley Magazine* for February has little of the flavor of college life about it, yet is interesting in its way. The entire number is given up to the discussion of psychological and social questions. To most readers the charm of a college magazine is its picture of college life. Many of our exchanges carry even this too far, and deal with the frivolities rather than the actual life of the institution they represent. The verse of the *Wellesley Magazine* is unusually good, and possibly because of its dull setting. The opening article on "The Hull House," by Miss Agnes S. Holebrook, is a careful account of a six-months stay in the midst of a college settlement. "The Mediaeval Influence, as Seen in Tennyson's Sir Galahad," is analyzed in a well-balanced criticism by Miss Gertrude Bigelow. The quotations are apt and effective. The question, "Are the Social Teachings of Christ Practical?" while well worthy of discussion, seems out of place in a college "Lit." There are two unsigned shorter critiques under the titles, "A Psychological Effect," and "A Question of Conscience." Altogether, this issue might well be called a philosophical number. The verse is all well done. We clip "Four-o'clocks" below.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for February gives the impression of disproportionateness, having but eighteen pages of literary matter and considerably more than twice that amount of departments and advertisements. But we think we can see a noticeable improvement in the quality of the work, which comes, possibly, from the appeal in the Editor's Table for more cheerfulness in their contributions. Many other college "Lits." could profit by the same advice. There is a tendency to "kill off" the heroes in our short stories, which began to get monotonous several years ago. Miss E. K. Adams opens the number with a delightful essay on "Our Modern Dead-Head." It deals pleasantly with modern life and thought, and is one of the brightest essays of the year. "The Invisible Ink" is a novel little *conte* of ministerial life by M. L. B. Miss A. Underhill makes an effective "Plea for a Neglected Profession." The profession is one unnoticed by most college graduates in their choice, namely, that of Librarianship. The methods of the New York Library school are interestingly presented. "The Valentines," by Miss Leonora Hunt, are the best verses of the number.

There is a *fin de siècle* air about the February *Amherst Lit.* that is commendable. The prose deals with contemporary questions and is clear and forcible. The lack of any good college verse detracts not a little from an unusually good number. "Rudyard Kipling's Poetry" is treated in an easy manner by Ernest M. Bartlett. There are too few real sketches in the college "Lits." The sketch by H. A. Jump entitled "My Chum" is all the more welcome on this account. The story, "An Experiment in Philanthropy," by "F," treats of commonplaces, too common to most of us, in a sketchy manner. "A Hand of Glory" is a gruesome story, by W. J. Boardman. The plot is not particularly elevated, but the dénouement is striking and well handled. The subject of "Eugene Field" deserves much broader treatment than that given it in the essay, by Frank Harkness.

A prize oration opens the *Nassau Lit.* for January, under the title "Conquests of Christianity," by Alexander McGabbin. "James Tompkins" is a pathetic little story by T. E. Humphrey. The diary is brought in in a new way in the "Diary of a Duel," by F. B. Morse. "The Reviews of an Undergraduate," by P. G. Huston, are novel and interesting.

There is a wide field for such reveries in college life. A second well-written oration on "France, Russia, and the Triple Alliance," by McCuady Sykes, completes the body of the number. The "C. Club" is fully as taking as the body.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.

It was that they loved the children,
 The children used to say,
 For there was no doubt
 That when school was out,
 At the same time every day,
 Down by the wall,
 Where the grass grew tall,
 Under the hedge of the holly-hocks,
 One by one,
 At the touch of the sun,
 There opened the four-o'clocks.

It was that they loved the children,—
 But the children have gone away,
 And somebody goes
 When nobody knows,
 At the same time every day,
 To see by the wall,
 Where the grass grows tall,
 Under the hedge of the holly-hocks,
 How, one by one,
 At the touch of the sun,
 Still open the four-o'clocks.

"L. B." in Wellesley Magazine.

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

A rain-drop reflecting a bit of sky
 In a crystal goblet was deftly caught,
 And the poet fashioned, as he passed by,
 A quatrain, reflecting a bit of thought.

Katharine V. D. Harker in the Vassar Miscellany.

A PASSING SPIRIT.

One night my harp sang strangely, sadly sweet—
 In low, soft, mournful cadence thrilled and thrilled;
 With all a heart's dull sorrowing replete
 It throbbed, and then its moaning song was stilled.

That night my dear love died—ah! who can say?
 Might she not come in ghostly wanderings?
 Mayhap her grieving spirit passed that way,
 And breathed its loving sorrow o'er the strings.

Nassau Lit.



Sir and yours
Edward F. Hayes

COLONEL 39TH OHIO INFANTRY,
BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. VOLS.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

CLASS OF '57—"BANNER CLASS"—RECORD IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1861-'65.

GRADUATES.

Brevet-Brigadier-General CHARLES A. CARLETON, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, private Engineer Corps, Twelfth New York state militia, (*"Independence Guard"*)—three months service—enrolled April 21, mustered May 2, 1861; mustered out, August 5, 1861. Re-entered service, U. S. Volunteers: Second lieutenant, Fourth New Hampshire Infantry, September 20, 1861; first lieutenant, January 17, 1862; captain, November 2, 1862 (declined); adjutant, November 2, 1862; discharged, July 18, 1864; promoted—captain, assistant adjutant-general, July 15, 1864; major, assistant adjutant-general (for Fort Fisher), January 15, 1865; lieutenant-colonel, assistant adjutant-general Tenth Corps (by assignment), July 8, 1865, to discontinuance, August 1, 1865; mustered out, December 19, 1865; brevet-lieutenant-colonel, March 13, 1865, "for distinguished conduct at the storming of Fort Fisher, N. C., and for faithful and meritorious services during the war;" brevet-colonel and brigadier-general, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." U. S. army: Second lieutenant, Nineteenth Infantry, May 11, 1866; declined, November 30, 1866.

Defences Washington, D. C.; General Patterson's Shenandoah, Va., campaign; Expeditionary (T. W. Sherman's) Corps to Port Royal, S. C.; Department South and Tenth Corps; Department Virginia and North Carolina; Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Corps, Armies James and Potomac; expeditions against Fort Fisher, N. C.; Provisional Corps, and Army Ohio (Sherman's army) to Johnston's surrender; Departments North and South Carolina to muster out.

The attack upon Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, found him in the publishing house of his brother's firm in New York city. While watching the march down Broadway of the famous Seventh New York militia, en

route to Washington to the defence of the nation's capital, on the day following the murderous attack upon the Massachusetts Sixth at Baltimore, Md., imbued with the patriotic spirit inherited from three great-grandfathers with a Revolutionary War record, one of whom fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill and Siege of Boston, he resolved that he, too, would obey his country's summons, and respond to President Lincoln's call for three months troops, and on that very day, April 21, enlisted as a private in the Engineer corps of the Twelfth New York state militia, and on the following Sunday marched with his regiment down Broadway, on what was probably the most enthusiastically patriotic day ever witnessed in New York. In company with other regiments, transports were taken to Annapolis, Md., and thence they marched to Washington, where his regiment was one of the first to arrive, and by its early presence insured the safety of the capitol.

The three months service for which he enlisted was passed in garrison at Washington, and at Arlington Heights, Va., his regiment being the first organization to cross Long bridge over the Potomac into the enemy's country, and in Gen. Robert Patterson's Shenandoah Valley, Va., campaign, to which it was ordered early in July, being brigaded under Col. David Butterfield of his regiment, in Gen. Charles Sanford's division of New York troops. Proceeded by rail from Washington to Hagarstown, Md., thence marched to Williamsport, near which the action of Falling Waters took place on July 2, thence to Martinsburg, Bunker Hill, and towards Winchester, Va., in pursuit of Gen. Joe Johnston, to prevent, if possible, a reinforcement of the rebel army at Manassas. While at Williamsport was offered the detail as private secretary to General Patterson, but declined. On July 17, however, the retreat was ordered to Charlestown, Va., and retracing their steps, the regiment marched to Harper's Ferry, and went into camp on Bolivar Heights opposite, on the very day, July 21, of the Battle of Bull Run, and remained until the last of the month, when its term having expired, it took cars for home, arriving in New York, August 1, where it was mustered out the day following, but not before he had resolved to obey the president's call for troops for three years, or the war.

Soon after muster-out he was offered a commission in a New York regiment, but declined it to accept a second lieutenancy in the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, at the solicitation of his classmate, Fuller, who was to be adjutant of the regiment, which was organized at Manchester, N. H., and mustered into the United States service, September 18, 1861, and on the 27th left the state for Washington, where it remained

until October 9, when it was ordered to Annapolis, Md., and brigaded under Gen. Horatio G. Wright, to join the Expeditionary corps of Gen. T. W. Sherman to Port Royal, S. C. Embarking on the steamer *Baltic*, on the 19th, the expedition sailed for Fortress Monroe, Va., and on the 29th for the South. On the 31st, in a violent storm, the vessel, with a tremendous crash, struck on Frying Pan shoals, and after imminent danger, was finally rescued from her perilous condition, and proceeded on her way, arriving at Port Royal, S. C., November 4.

After the reduction of the forts by the navy, on the 7th the regiment landed on Hilton Head island, where it remained in camp until January 21, 1862, when it sailed on an expedition down the coast, touching at Warsaw sound, Ga., and thence to Fernandina, Fla., where it encamped in the town, the rebels having evacuated the place. On March 8 the regiment reëmbarked on the steamer *Boston*, and under convoy of six gunboats proceeded to the St. Johns river, arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., which the enemy had also abandoned, on the 12th. A month after, General Hunter, commanding the department, having ordered the evacuation of the town on the 8th of April, the regiment was divided, and a battalion of three companies, of which he was appointed acting adjutant, was ordered to garrison Fort Clinch at Fernandina, Fla., where it remained until June 8, when it embarked for James island, S. C., and there took part in several skirmishes and the assault, June 16, 1862. The battalion was on the 12th ordered to Beaufort, S. C., where the regiment was reunited and assigned to the brigade of Gen. John M. Brannan, and under Gen. Ormsby Mitchell, participated in the Battle of Pocotaligo, S. C., October 22, 1862. This advance towards Charleston proving a failure, the regiment returned to Beaufort and went into winter quarters, and remained until March, 1863, when it took part in the first expedition to Charleston, S. C., and operations on Folly and Morris islands against Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg from April 19 to September 7, 1863, through the entire siege and capture.

In January, 1864, was again ordered to Beaufort, and in February, up the Savannah river on an expedition, and on the 23d to Jacksonville, Fla., to protect that place, but in a few days returned to Beaufort, where he remained until April, when with other troops left the Department of the South, and joined Gen. Benjamin F. Butler's army at Gloucester Point, on the York river, Va., being brigaded in the division of Gen. Adelbert Ames, forming a part of the Tenth Corps, Army of the James. While here, was appointed acting assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Ames, and never again returned to his regiment, being soon after

commissioned captain and assistant adjutant-general U. S. Volunteers, and with successive promotions, remained on the staff of the same general officer until he left the service.

While in the Armies of the James, the Potomac, and Ohio from May 4, 1864, was engaged in the operations of Bermuda Hundred, Va., Battles of Swift Creek, May 8-10 (where he was reported killed, and so chronicled in the New York papers with a glowing obituary, but escaped without injury), Weir Bottom Church, Falling Creek, Drury's Bluff, May 12-16, Walthall Junction, Cold Harbor, June 12, Siege of Petersburg, June 16, and September, 1864, Explosion of the Mine, July 30, Chapin's Farm, September 29, and actions of Darbytown Road, October 7, and Charles City Cross Roads, and Siege of Richmond, Va., to December, 1864. Engaged in the first expedition to Fort Fisher, N. C., in December, capture of Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865, campaign against and capture of Wilmington, February 22, Sherman's army, from Goldsboro to Raleigh, N. C., to July, and assisted in the paroling of the rebel Gen. Joe Johnston's army after its surrender. Subsequently served as assistant adjutant-general of western North and South Carolina, being stationed at Raleigh and Columbia, after the war to December, 1865, during the early period of the states' reconstruction. In 1862 was acting assistant provost-marshal Department of the South, at St. Augustine, Fla. Was slightly wounded at Fort Fisher, and the only officer on the staff of Br  vet-Major-Gen. Adelbert Ames, U. S. A., commanding assaulting division, not killed or severely wounded. Received honorable mention in the official reports, and was brevetted by President Lincoln lieutenant-colonel, "for distinguished conduct at the storming of Fort Fisher," and colonel and brigadier-general, "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." Was assistant adjutant-general of brigade, division, and army corps, being the last assistant adjutant-general of the Tenth Corps, and was present in twenty-one engagements and sieges. Was honorably discharged December 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C., where he had been ordered from South Carolina for muster out, "his services being no longer required," having served during the entire war. Is now a financial and business broker, New York city.

Medical Director JOHN H. CLARK, U. S. N. Entered service, assistant surgeon (master), U. S. navy, October 19, 1861; passed assistant surgeon (lieutenant), April 24, 1865; surgeon (lieutenant-commander), May 14, 1867; medical inspector (commander), January 8, 1885; medical director (captain), March 27, 1893. Was medical assistant in Massa-

chusetts General hospital, Boston, Mass., when in October, 1861, he was commissioned assistant surgeon, U. S. navy. From June, 1862, to June, 1864, was attached to U. S. steamer *Scioto*, on duty with West Gulf blockading squadron in the Mississippi river, and off the coast of Texas, and at temporary naval hospital, New Orleans, La., last three months of the time. From July, 1864, to May, 1865, was on duty at Portsmouth (N. H.) navy-yard, and from June, 1865, to the close of the war was attached to U. S. steamer *Mohongo*. Is still in the navy, having risen to the rank of medical director, and is now on duty as president of naval examining board, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brevet-Major DAVID T. CORBIN, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, captain, Third Vermont Infantry, May 23, 1861; discharged for disability, wounds, Sept. 11, 1862. Re-entered service, captain Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, June 3, 1863; honorably discharged, April 20, 1867. Brevet-major, U. S. Volunteers, March 13, 1864, "for gallant conduct at the Battle of Savage's Station, Va."

The opening of the war found him practising law at Chelsea, Vt., where on May 10, 1861, under authority of the governor, he opened an office for the recruiting of a company, which in a few days was organized, and he was unanimously elected captain, and his company became a part of the Third Vermont Volunteers, and went into camp at St. Johnsbury, Vt. The regiment repaired to Washington about the first of July, 1861, and went into camp near Chain Bridge, Md., Department of Washington. Participated in several skirmishes with the Army of the Potomac in the fall of 1861, in which several men were killed, but was in no serious engagement until June, 1862. Was in the Seven Days Fight in front of Richmond, Va., June, 1862, and at the Battle of Savage's Station, June 29, 1862. Was twice severely wounded, taken prisoner, and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

Having been exchanged, was sent to hospital in Baltimore, Md., where, September 11, 1862, he was discharged from the service on account of disability from wounds. Returning home, he was appointed by the secretary of war special provost-marshal of Vermont, serving from October 5, 1862, to March 18, 1863. Was then offered, but declined, a commission as paymaster in the army, and on June 3, 1863, was commissioned captain Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, serving until April 20, 1867. In December, 1865, was assigned to duty as sub-assistant commissioner in the Freedman's Bureau, and ordered to Charleston, S. C., where he was afterwards appointed provost-judge of

the city and Sea islands, and so continued until his honorable discharge from the service, April 20, 1867. Is now a lawyer at Chicago, Ills.

Brevet-Captain EDWARD W. DENNY, U. S. Volunteers, entered the service, private, Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, Sept. 19, 1862; first sergeant, Sept. 19, 1862; mustered out, July 2, 1863. Re-entered service, first lieutenant Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Aug. 14, 1863; mustered out, Sept. 3, 1865. Brevet-captain, U. S. Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for meritorious services."

At the opening of the war he was engaged in manufacturing near Worcester, Mass., when in September, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was immediately made first sergeant of his company. In November, 1862, was ordered to New Berne, N. C., Eighteenth Army Corps, department of North Carolina, and took part in the Battles of Kingston, December 14, 1862, Whitehall, 16, Goldboro, 17, and many skirmishes during the following winter and spring. Returned to Boston in June and was mustered out in July, 1863. Re-entered the service in August, 1863, as first lieutenant Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and served as provost marshal on the staff of Brigadier-General Pierce at Readville, Mass., Department of the East, in the fall and winter of 1863. In January, 1864, went with his company to Norfolk, Va., department of Virginia and North Carolina. In February was appointed acting assistant inspector-general on the staff of General Israel Vogles, commanding district of Norfolk, Va.; remained with him at Portsmouth, Va., until March, 1865, and accompanied him as aide-de-camp to the field in Florida, Department of the South, in April, where he remained until September, when he returned to Boston, Mass., and was mustered out September 3, 1865. While in Florida, personally captured many of the personal effects of the rebel Jeff Davis, some of which are still in his possession. Is now at leisure in New York city.

Captain HENRY DOANE, U. S. Volunteers, entered service captain Forty-Third Massachusetts Infantry ("*Tigers*"), nine months troops, September 20, 1862; honorably discharged July 30, 1863. Was a lawyer in Boston, Mass., when, in September, 1862, he was commissioned captain Forty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, which was organized at Readville in October, and ordered to the army of General Foster at New Berne, N. C., Eighteenth Army Corps, Department of North Carolina, arriving there in November. Took part in the expedition to Goldsboro, December 17, 1862, and was under fire December 14 at the Battle of Kingston, and December 16 at Whitehall. Engaged in the expedition to Little Wash-

ington, and in various minor operations in that state during the winter of 1863. On January 29, 1863, was ordered to Maryland, and finally embarked at Sandy Hook, Md., on July 18, and arrived in Boston on the 21st, and was mustered out at Readville, Mass., July 30, 1863. Was a lawyer in Boston, Mass., when he died at Orleans, Mass., September 2, 1865, aged thirty-one.

Surgeon JOHN A. FOLLETT, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, assistant surgeon (first lieutenant), Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry, August 15, 1862; surgeon (major), September 3, 1862; honorably discharged, July 9, 1865. Was a practising physician in Kingston, N. H., at the outbreak of the war, but at the solicitation of his warm, personal friend and class-mate, E. F. Noyes, secured a commission as assistant surgeon in the same regiment, the Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteers, in which he was promoted to be surgeon. Served in the campaign of General Sherman's army, being in charge of the hospitals of the Sixteenth Army Corps up to and before Atlanta, Ga., July to September, 1864; afterwards as acting medical inspector of the Seventeenth Army Corps to the date of his honorable discharge, July 9, 1865, when he resumed the practice of his profession, and is now located at Boston, Mass.

Chaplain HENRY M. FROST, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, chaplain (captain), Seventh Vermont Infantry, February 12, 1862; resigned, August 9, 1862. As rector of the Episcopal church, he was located at Middlebury, Vt., when the war broke out, and in February, 1862, was commissioned as chaplain Seventh Vermont Volunteers, and went with his regiment to New Orleans, La., Department of the Gulf, where he was stationed during his six months connection with it. His health broke down entirely while in the service, receiving the greatest damage from exposure during the attempt made by General Butler to capture Vicksburg, Miss., in the summer of 1862. After the acceptance of his resignation, August 9, 1862, he came North, and under the influence of the healthful air of Vermont he so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his duties in his parish at Middlebury. But gradually failing health again overtaking him, he was obliged to abandon his profession, when he returned to his father's home at Thetford, Vt., where he died February 20, 1866, aged thirty.

Brevet-Brigadier-General HENRY W. FULLER, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, first lieutenant, First New Hampshire Infantry (three months troops), April 30, 1861; mustered out, August 9, 1861. Re-entered service, first lieutenant, adjutant, Fourth New Hampshire Infantry,

September 20, 1861; resigned, October 29, 1862. Re-entered service, major, Sixteenth New Hampshire Infantry, October 30, 1862; lieutenant-colonel, November 1, 1862; mustered out, August 20, 1863. Re-entered service, colonel, Seventy-fifth U. S. Colored Infantry ("*Corps d'Afrique*"), November 23, 1863; mustered out, November 29, 1865, Brevet-brigadier-general, U. S. Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

At the outbreak of the war he was practising law at Utica, N. Y.; but returning to his old home, Concord, N. H., in April, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Volunteers, which was organized in that city, and of which he was at once commissioned first lieutenant, and mustered into the United States service early in May, 1861, and set out for the seat of war on May 25, passing through Baltimore, Md., where its band played the first national air in that city after the murderous assault on the Massachusetts Sixth early in April, arriving at Washington May 28, where it went into camp and remained until June 10, when it was brigaded under Colonel Charles P. Stone, and marched to Rockville, Md., thence to Poolsville, near which point it first saw and exchanged shots with a detachment of the enemy. On July 6 it went to Sandy Hook, opposite Harper's Ferry, Va., and the day following received orders to advance to Williamsport and join Major-General Robert Patterson's army in pursuit of General Joe Johnston, and if possible prevent the reinforcement of the rebel army at Manassas. Thence moved to Martin's-burgh, Va., and to Bunker Hill, where Johnston escaped them when the retreat was ordered to Charlestown, the scene of John Brown's imprisonment, trial, and execution. On July 21, the day of the Battle of Bull Run, the division marched to Harper's Ferry and encamped on Bolivar Heights, and on the 28th moved to Sandy Hook and remained until August 2, when the time of the regiment having expired it embarked on the cars for home, and was discharged at Concord, N. H., August 12, 1861.

He re-entered the service in the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers,—a three years regiment,—which was organized at Manchester, N. H., and mustered into the service September 18, 1861, and on the 27th left the state for Washington, where it remained until October 9, when it was ordered to Annapolis, Md., and brigaded under General Horatio G. Wright to join the Expeditionary Corps of General T. W. Sherman to Port Royal, S. C. Embarking on the steamer Baltic on the 19th, the expedition sailed for Fortress Monroe, Va., and on the 29th for the South. On the 31st, the vessel in a violent storm with a tremendous crash, struck

on Frying Pan shoals, and after imminent danger, was finally rescued from her perilous condition, and proceeded on her way, arriving at Port Royal, S. C., November 4. After the reduction of the forts by the navy, on the 7th, the regiment landed on Hilton Head island, where it remained in camp until January 21, 1862, when it sailed on an expedition down the coast, touching at Warsaw Sound, Ga., and thence to Fernandina, Fla., where it encamped in the town, the rebels having evacuated the place. March 8 the regiment embarked on the steamer Boston, and under convoy of six gun-boats, proceeded to the St. Johns river, arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., which the enemy had also abandoned, on the 12th. A month after, General Hunter commanding the department, having ordered the evacuation of the town on the 8th of April, seven companies of the regiment were sent to St. Augustine, down the coast, where they passed the summer, and in September proceeded to Beaufort, S. C., where the regiment was united and assigned to the brigade of Gen. John M. Brannan, and under General Ormsby Mitchell participated in the Battle of Pocoligo, S. C. The expedition proving a failure, the regiment returned and went into winter quarters at Beaufort, from where Adjutant Fuller in a few days sailed for home, having been promoted to a majority in the Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, which was organized at Concord, N. H., in October, 1862, and joining the Banks expedition, sailed from New York December 6 for New Orleans, La., Department of the South, and upon arrival remained in the defence of that city until the advance on Port Hudson, near which point it was diverted to an attack upon Fort Burton on the Alchopalaya river, which after a short engagement surrendered. The regiment remained here many weeks in a pestilent location, and on May 30, 1863 was ordered to join General Banks at Port Hudson, and was assigned to guard duty over the arsenal of the besieging army, and for weeks was in line from three o'clock in the morning until daylight in expectation of an attack by the enemy. At the surrender, July 8, the regiment was among the last of the forces to enter the works. Here, after great mortality, the regiment on August 1 embarked via Cairo for home, where it was mustered out August 20, 1863. Re-entered the service in November following as colonel Seventy-fifth U. S. Colored troops, and at once went South, joining the regiment at Port Hudson, La., during that month, and there remained until March 17, 1864, when he was ordered to join General N. P. Banks on the Red River campaign, and during the following twenty-one months took part in various operations of the Department of the Gulf, including the occupation of Pleasant Valley, April 9, Mansura, and Yellow Bayou, La. Also took part in the

construction of the famous Bailey Dam at Alexandria, and from thence went to Milliken's Bend, and fortified. Was at the occupation of Morganza; then went to New Orleans and operated on the occupation of the line of railroad from there to Brasher City, where he remained until ordered to Carrollton, La., for muster out, November 29, 1865, his service having embraced the entire period of the war. As associate justice municipal court of Boston (Roxbury), Mass., he died at the Highlands, April 7, 1885, aged 46.

First Lieutenant WILLIAM J. GALBRAITH, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, private, Twelfth Pennsylvania Infantry,—three months troops,—April 25, 1861; mustered out, August 5, 1861. Re-entered service first lieutenant, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, September 12, 1861; resigned, June 20, 1863; first lieutenant, U. S. Signal Corps, March 3, 1863; resigned, April 26, 1864. Was reading law at Pittsburg, Penn., when he enlisted as private, Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was organized at Pittsburg in April, 1861, and left there during the month for the seat of war, and served in the defence of Baltimore, Md., and on duty guarding the Baltimore & Ohio railroad with headquarters at Cockeysville, to the end of enlistment in August, 1861. Re-entered the service in September, 1861, as first lieutenant, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was detached on signal duty, serving in the operations of the Army of the Cumberland in Kentucky, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, until he resigned in June, 1863. He had been commissioned first lieutenant, U. S. Signal Corps, and served in the Armies of the Ohio and Potomac, Battles of Shiloh, Tenn., April 6-7, 1862; sieges of Corinth, Miss., April 30 to May 30, and Knoxville, Tenn., and Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2-4, 1863, and was a prisoner of war from July 5 to October 15, 1862. Served in every rebel state east of the Mississippi, except Florida, and resigned at Knoxville, April 26, 1864. Then served by appointment of the governor of Pennsylvania as commissioner to take the vote of the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac, which closed his military career. Is now a lawyer at Colville, Washington.

Major MOSES K. HAZELTON, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, paymaster (major), First New Hampshire Infantry (three months troops), April 30, 1861; honorably discharged, June 21, 1861, reentered service, additional paymaster (major) U. S. Volunteers, June 1, 1862; died in service, August 3, 1863. Was practising law in Bradford, N. H., when he joined as paymaster the First New Hampshire Volunteers, which was organized

at Concord, in April, 1861, and set out for the seat of war on May 25, arriving in Washington on the 28th, where it remained until June 10, when it went to Maryland (for details see Fuller's record), when he was honorably discharged June 21. Reentered the service as additional paymaster U. S. Volunteers, in June, 1862, and was ordered to Tennessee, and while stationed at Memphis, became insane through arduous labors. He died insensible, August 3, 1863, aged twenty-seven, complimentary resolutions being passed by the pay corps at Vicksburg, Mo.

Assistant-Surgeon LLOYD N. HIXON, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, medical cadet, U. S. A., in 1862; assistant-surgeon (first lieutenant) Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, March 3, 1863; honorably discharged, August 1, 1864. Upon receiving his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, in 1862, he entered the Wood Street Hospital as a medical cadet, and when General McClellan was before Richmond, Va., in June, 1862, had command of an hospital transport, the John Brooks. After the retreat, was at a general hospital near Fortress Monroe, Va., until after the Battle of Antietam, Md., September 16-17, 1862, when he returned to the Wood Street Hospital and took medical charge of a ward. In March, 1863, was commissioned assistant-surgeon Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and joined the regiment near Falmouth, Va., remaining with it, as the only medical officer, until its time of service expired in August, 1864. Was with his regiment in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, between above dates. Was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, Penn., July 1, 1863, but left by the enemy upon evacuating that place. While in front of Petersburg, Va., narrowly escaped death from the explosion of a shell, his companion being killed. Left City Point, Va., for Washington, D. C., July 15, 1864, arriving in Boston on the 21st, and was mustered out, August 1, 1864. In March, 1885, received a pension for total deafness, the bill for his relief being the last signed by President Arthur before retiring from office. Is now living at leisure at Newburyport, Mass.

First Lieutenant ARTHUR E. HUTCHINS, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, first lieutenant, Eleventh New Hampshire Infantry, September 2, 1862; killed in the Battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864. A lawyer at Bath, N. H. He joined the Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteers, which was organized at Concord in September, 1862, and on the 11th of the month left for Washington, arriving there on the 14th, and was brigaded under Gen. Henry S. Briggs, Casey's Reserved Corps. Early

in October it marched to Maryland, and was assigned to the Second brigade, Second division, Ninth army corps, and started in pursuit of General Lee's retreating army, reaching Falmouth, Va., November 19, where they remained on picket duty until the Battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, and in which they participated with conspicuous gallantry. Remained at the heights until February 11, 1863, then started, on March 26, to Covington, Ky., to protect that city, and remained until June 4, when they removed to Vicksburg, Miss. After the surrender, on July 4, the regiment joined in the pursuit of Gen. Joe Johnston, and was engaged in the capture of Jackson, Miss., July 16, 1863; then returned to Kentucky, and were successively at Nicholasville, Camp Parker, Crab Orchard, and London, and were then engaged in the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., November 17-December 4, 1863, arriving there October 29. Upon the retreat of the enemy, on December 5, they advanced up the valley, and finally, after minor operations, went into camp at Lee's Springs; and on March 18, 1864, proceeded to Annapolis, Md., where the Ninth corps had been reorganized, and on April 23 again went to the front, and on May 6 engaged in the bloody Battle of the Wilderness, May 5-6, 1864, in which Lieutenant Hutchins, serving on the staff of Brigadier-General Simon G. Griffin, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, was killed May 6, while carrying an order on which the lives of thousands of men depended upon the speed with which it was conveyed, as he boldly and heroically dashed into the open, and by his presence unmasked the enemy's position, though neither horse nor rider ever stirred again. Aged twenty-five.

Chaplain NORMAN JONES, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, chaplain (captain), One Hundred Seventy-sixth Ohio Infantry, January 28, 1865; mustered out, June 14, 1865. The war found him at Yellow Springs, Ohio, as a Presbyterian minister until November, 1864, when he gave up his church and entered the service of the Christian commission, and was assigned to duty at Louisville, Ky., November 17, 1864; in a few days was sent to Nashville, Tenn., and continued there and in the vicinity until January 11, 1865; during this time was with the Union army with General Thomas, in the Battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, and also in the Battles of Nashville, December 15-16, when the rebel General Hood sought to capture this city, January 10; was elected chaplain, One Hundred Seventy-sixth Ohio Volunteers, Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Twentieth Army Corps, at Nashville, Tenn., and was commissioned as such January 28, 1865. His regiment was stationed at Nashville,

doing guard duty, and remained there until the war ended, when he was honorably mustered out June 14, 1865, and returned to the ministry and is now located at Washington C. H., Ohio.

Brevet-Brigadier-General EDWARD F. NOYES, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, major, Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry, July 8, 1861; lieutenant colonel, July 8, 1862; colonel, October 1, 1862; brevet-brigadier-general, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service;" resigned, April 22, 1865. In July, 1861, his law office was changed to a recruiting headquarters, a careful study of the impending crisis having led him to turn his attention to the army, and much to the surprise of those who believed that the three months volunteers would end the war, an advertisement appeared calling on all officers representing organizations desirous of enlisting "for the war," to report to the office of Noyes & Stephenson. A full regiment having been raised in a month's time and ready for the field, he entered the service in July as major of the Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteers. On August 20 his regiment took the field and was sent to Missouri, serving in the campaign of 1861, under Gens. John Pope and John C. Fremont; in the Campaign and Siege of New Madrid and Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river, in April and May, 1862, when he was, for a brief period, on the staff of General Pope. Was in the Siege of Corinth, under Pope and Gen. Henry W. Halleck, May and June, 1862; in Battles of Iuka, under Gen. William S. Rosecrans, September 19, 1862, and Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862; at this time he took command of his regiment, his superiors having left the service. Was at Parker's Cross Roads, under Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, January 1, 1863; Resaca, Ga., under Generals James B. McPherson, William T. Sherman, and Grant, May 9, 13, and 14, 1863; Dallas, Ga., under Sherman and McPherson, June 1, 1864; Ruff's Mills (near Atlanta), Ga., July 4, 1864, when he was severely wounded, while most gallantly leading an assault upon the enemy's works, and suffered the amputation of a leg upon the field, the assault having been ordered by Sherman, McPherson, and Dodge. Five weeks later he endured a second amputation in Cincinnati, Ohio, which would have ended his career but for a vigorous constitution and a frame hardened by healthy labor and temperate habits. While still on crutches from his wound, he reported for duty, and was assigned to the command of Camp Dennison, Ohio, by Gen. Joseph Hooker, under instructions from the war department, in the fall of 1864, and remained in command till April 22, 1865, when he resigned to be city solicitor of Cincinnati, an office to which he had been

elected without solicitation on his part. He died, a justice of the superior court of Cincinnati, September 4, 1890, aged fifty-seven.

First Lieutenant EZRA K. PARKER, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, private, Battery "D," First Rhode Island Light Artillery, September 4, 1861; second lieutenant, September 9, 1861; first lieutenant, Battery "E," April 8, 1864; mustered out, June 14, 1865. Was a law student at Providence, R. I., when in September, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Battery "D," First Rhode Island Light Artillery. Was ordered to the Army of the Potomac and engaged at the capture of Fredericksburg, Va., by Gen. Irving McDowell, December 13, 1862; Rappahannock Station, August 18; Groveton, August 28; Manassas, August 29-30, under Gen. John Pope; South Mountain, September 14; Antietam, September 16-17, 1862,—where he lost all the cannoneers in his section but two—and on same date was appointed acting assistant-adjutant-general of the artillery brigade, First Army Corps, serving as such until November 30, 1862. Later on his battery was transferred to the Ninth Army Corps, Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside commanding, in East Tennessee, and was at Campbell's Station, November 16, 1863, and at the Siege of Knoxville, November 17-December 4, and assault upon Fort Saunders, November 29. In April, 1864, was transferred to Battery "E," then in Virginia, and where he was engaged at Brandy Station, at the Battles of the Wilderness, May 5-6, was at Spottsylvania, May 8-21, Cold Harbor, May 31-June 12, and Siege of Petersburg, June 16, 1864, until its capture, April 3, 1865. In June, 1863, from the bluff on the Appomattox river, fired the first cannon shot into Petersburg. For a long time served in Forts Sedgwick, Rice, and Wadsworth. At the blowing up of the enemy's salient before Petersburg, his battery was selected to enter the enemy's lines and enfilade. Was never in hospital a day, nor wounded. Returned home at the close of the war, and was mustered out at Providence, R. I., June 14, 1865. Is now a lawyer in that city.

Lieutenant-Colonel SAMUEL E. PINGREE, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, private Third Vermont Infantry, May 8, 1861; first lieutenant, May 24, 1861; captain, August 13, 1861; major, September 22, 1862; lieutenant-colonel, January 15, 1863; mustered out, July 27, 1864. In 1863 and 1864, was assigned to the command, Seventh and Second Vermont Infantry, respectively. Was a lawyer in Hartford, Vt., when, in May, 1861, he enlisted as a private, Third Vermont Volunteers, was almost immediately commissioned, and soon after went to the seat of war. Was on duty in the following battles of the Army of the Potomac: Lewins-

ville, Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862, Manassas, August 29-30, South Mountain, Md., September 14, Antietam, September 16-17, Fredericksburg, Va. (first and second), December 13, Bank's Ford, St. Mary's Heights, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Penn., July 1-3, 1863, Frankstown, Md., July 10, Rappahannock Station, Va., November 7, Wilderness, May 5-6, 1864, Spottsylvania, May 8-21, North Anna, May 23-27, Pamunkey, Cold Harbor, May 31-June 12, Petersburg, June 15-16, Weldon Rail Road, August 18-21, Rearn's Station, August 25, and Fort Stevens, Va. Was twice wounded, April 16, 1862, at the Battle of Lie's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862, before Yorktown, Va.; once wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5-6, 1864. Was mustered out of service at Burlington, Vt., July 27, 1864. Is now a lawyer at Hartford, Vt.

*Second Lieutenant LUCIUS S. SHAW, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, second lieutenant, Second Kansas Infantry (three months troops), June 20, 1861; died in service, September 4, 1861. Was a lawyer and real estate operator at Lawrence, Kansas, when in June, 1861, he was commissioned first lieutenant, Second Kansas Volunteers, and fought heroically under Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, at the deadly Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861. While returning with his regiment to Kansas, he was mortally crushed by the falling of Platte river bridge, Mo., fired by the rebels, September 2, 1861, and taken to St. Joseph, Mo., where he died on the 5th. Wrapped in the American colors, his remains were sent with a flag of truce across the river, thence to Lawrence, and buried with military honors, business being suspended, three thousand persons attending the funeral, and the bar passing eulogistic resolutions. Aged 31.

Medical Director HENRY M. WELLS, U. S. Navy, entered service, assistant surgeon (master), U. S. Navy, July 30, 1861; passed assistant surgeon (lieutenant), June 22, 1864; surgeon (lieutenant commander), October 9, 1866; medical inspector (commander), August 22, 1884; medical director (captain), September 22, 1891. Was assistant surgeon of the U. S. Marine hospital at Chelsea, Mass., when in July, 1861, he entered the navy as assistant surgeon, and from that time to the close of the war in 1865, served at naval rendezvous and hospital, Boston, Mass., West Gulf blockading squadron—Battles of New Orleans, La., Donaldsonville, Tenn., February 15-16, 1862, Grand Gulf, Port Hudson, La., May-July, 1863, and Vicksburg, Miss., May to July; receiving ship and hospital, Boston, Mass., North Atlantic blockading squadron—James river, spring of 1865. During the Rebellion served on the U. S. vessels of war *Portsmouth*, *Tennessee*, *Sabine*, and monitor *Onondaga*,

taking part in all important naval engagements in Admiral Farragut's squadron on the Mississippi river, and also below Richmond on the James river, Va. Is still in the navy, having risen to the rank of medical director, and is now director of U. S. Naval laboratory and Department of Instruction, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NON-GRADUATES.

Colonel NICHOLAS V. SMITH, volunteer *aide*, entered service, captain, Nineteenth U. S. Infantry, May 14, 1861; resigned, July 16, 1863; colonel, volunteer aide-de-camp, in 1863. Was a lawyer at Leavenworth, Kansas, when in May, 1861, he was commissioned captain, Nineteenth U. S. Infantry, and served as U. S. mustering officer at Louisville, Ky., and in the Departments of Kentucky and Cumberland. In 1863 was appointed, with the rank of colonel, to the staff of Major-General James H. Lane, who had organized an expedition to Texas, but owing to a change in command, did not go. He resigned July 16, 1863. Is now U. S. consul at Liege, Belgium.

*Lieutenant-Colonel THADDEUS STEVENS, militia (Penn.)—major U. S. Volunteers. Entered service, private, First Pennsylvania Infantry (three months troop), April 20, 1861; mustered out, July 26, 1861. Re-entered service, captain One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania Infantry, August 12, 1862; major, August 14, 1862; mustered out, May 15, 1863. Re-entered service, lieutenant-colonel, Fiftieth Pennsylvania Infantry (Militia), in U. S. service, July 11, 1863; discharged, August 15, 1863. Was a lawyer in Lancaster, Penn., and one of the very first to respond to the call for fighting men, enlisting as a private, First Pennsylvania Infantry, early in April, 1861, and served in General Robert Patterson's Shenandoah Valley, Va., campaign of that summer, and afterwards from August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Twenty-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Army of the Potomac, taking part in the Battles of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, and second Chancellorsville, Va., May 4, 1863, having his horse shot under him in the latter. Was honorably mustered out May 15, 1863, his entire military record being a good one. Was subsequently, from July, 1863, provost marshal Ninth Congressional district, Pennsylvania, to close of the war. Died at Lancaster, Penn., November 1, 1874, aged thirty-nine.

NON-GRADUATES (WITH THE CLASS).

Brevet-Major-General SAMUEL A. DUNCAN, U. S. Volunteers, entered service, major, Fourteenth New Hampshire Infantry, September 22, 1862;

promoted colonel, Fourth U. S. Colored Infantry, September 16, 1863; mustered out, May 4, 1866; brevet-brigadier-general, U. S. Volunteers, October 28, 1864, "for gallant and meritorious services in the attack upon the enemy's works at Spring Hill, Va."; brevet-major-general, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." Served in Department Washington, D. C.; Middle and Department Virginia; Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Corps; Army of the James, and in the Battles of Baylois Farm, Va., Siege of Petersburg, June 16, 1864 to April 3, 1865; explosion of the mine, July 30, 1864, and New Market Heights, May 15, 1864. Was wounded at Fort Harrison and Spring Hill, Va., September 30, 1864. Served in Provisional corps, Army of the Ohio (Sherman's army); department of North Carolina to Joe Johnston's surrender; defences of Washington, D. C., to muster out May 4, 1866. Is now a patent lawyer in New York city.

Acting Assistant Paymaster (Master) JOHN B. HASELTON, U. S. navy, entered service November 4, 1862; dismissed, April 22, 1863, "for absenting himself from his vessel without leave." Served in South Atlantic blockading squadron. Is now a lawyer at Suncook, N. H.

Duncan was once a member of the class, but as he left at the end of Freshman year and graduated with the Class of '58, his record principally belongs to the history of that class, but is given herewith, being a component part of '57.

Haselton, who left the class at the end of Junior year, and graduated at Bowdoin in 1857, is also included in foregoing record.

REBEL SERVICE.

*Colonel EDMUND C. BRABBLE, C. S. A., entered service, captain, 1861; colonel, Thirty-second North Carolina Infantry; killed in battle near Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 11, 1864, and buried on the field of battle, but subsequently removed to a Richmond, Va., cemetery. Said to have been a brave officer. Classmate Carleton was in some engagement with him at Drury's Bluff, Va., in 1864, and Classmate Hixon saw the charge in which he was killed. Was a lawyer, aged twenty-nine.

Recapitulation: Graduates, 18; non-graduates, 2; non-graduates (with class), 2; rebel service, 1; total, 23.

The foregoing record in some instances is not as complete as could be desired, but in the main gives a pretty correct idea of the war service

of the class. The dates of commissions, entry, and discharge from the service are absolutely correct, having been taken from official sources. This is claimed to be the "Banner Class" for loyal service. The star (*) denotes deceased.

CHAS. A. CARLETON,
Class Secretary.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

WASHINGTON ALUMNI.

"Wah-hoo-wah!" shouted the Washington alumni of Dartmouth college again and again, and "Wah-hoo-wah" they sang in the songs written for the occasion by Newspaper-man James B. Reynolds—himself a loyal Dartmouth boy. It was February 6, and the nineteenth annual reunion of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Washington was being celebrated at Welcker's, in honor of the new president of the college, Dr. William J. Tucker.

The occasion was in every way a felicitous one. Gathered together were representatives of the college from away back in '41, and from last year's graduating class, and a host from the years between. There was the venerable Dr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who has seen over fifty years of active life and study since he received his sheepskin, and who still calls himself, when his occupation is asked, "student." There were young fellows with smooth cheeks and glowing eyes, filled with the enthusiasm of their first alumni reunion. There were many successful lawyers, statesmen, journalists, educators, and business men, of all ages, who hail from Dartmouth and who claim Washington as their home, and all sounded its praises. Bright, encouraging, helpful, and thoughtful speeches were made.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED.

But, more than all this, Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker, the new president of the college, was present to tell his hosts that, in so far as he could accomplish it, their old college should win new laurels and do greater good while he was guiding its destinies. No wonder the college boys, old and young, shouted "Wah-hoo-wah."

The meeting opened with the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result: President, Gardiner G. Hubbard; vice-presidents, John R. Eastman and Henry M. Baker, of New Hampshire; secretary and treasurer, William Quimby; historian, Richard Hovey; chorister, Henry P. Blair; and executive committee, Wesley G. Carr, William H. Hatch, and James B. Reynolds.

After music by the Tuxedo quartette, Mr. Veazey introduced President Tucker, who spoke of the leadership of Dartmouth in the revival of the old alumni idea. There is a continuity in the life of a college. During all its advances and improvements it remains the same, has the same aims, does the same work, and the alumni idea makes this continuous life more real and palpable.

TOASTS OF THE EVENING.

Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, was then put in charge of the toasts, and said he wished to be toast-master because of his better acquaintance with the weaknesses and good points of those to speak.

He then introduced Gardiner G. Hubbard, the new president of the association.

Mr. Hubbard spoke feelingly of his old association with Dartmouth, where, he said, "the young men come and go, but youth, with its fire and ambition, is always there, always growing up to useful life."

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who has been given the honorary degree of A. M. by his state college, spoke pleasantly and earnestly of his love for Dartmouth and its interests, and of his admiration for the man who had so happily been chosen its president.

Other speakers during the evening were Mr. James B. Reynolds, correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*; Senator Chandler, Commissioner of Education Harris, Commissioner of Labor Wright, Hon. H. M. Baker, and William L. Peabody.

MANY DISTINGUISHED MEN THERE.

Members present were Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, Hon. Moses T. Stevens, Senators Chandler and Gallinger, Nathan S. Lincoln, William W. Godding, Samuel R. Bond, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Chaplain A. W. Fisher, Hon. Wheelock G. Veazey, Horace S. Cummings, Rev. George B. Patch, Hon. Henry M. Baker, Henry M. Paul, Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Winfield S. Montgomery, E. Gardner Kimball, Charles S. Clark, John T. Freeman, Arthur P. Greeley, Walter B. Patterson, William Quimby, Stephen M. Ryder, M. F. Carter, Wesley G. Carr, Walter

E. Burleigh, John French, William M. Hatch, David M. Hildreth, Alayne A. Fisher, Henry P. Blair, George H. Hitchcock, A. B. Veazey, Richard K. Tyler, James B. Reynolds, John Q. Eaton, and H. C. Pearson.

Guests of the evening were President Tucker, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Hon. H. M. Baker, William L. Peabody, Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, Prof. George Davidson, of San Francisco; L. E. Freeman of Franklin Marshall college; and L. Allen Drake, of Chicago.

BOSTON ALUMNI.

Over one hundred members of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston and vicinity attended the annual reunion and banquet January 10, at the Tremont House. Hon. George Fred Williams '72 acted as toast-master and spoke briefly. J. L. Hildreth '64, president of the association, made his report, in which he gave many interesting statistics as to the growth of the college. Prof. E. R. Ruggles '59 spoke to the toast, "Dartmouth as She Was," and C. H. Gould '92 spoke of "Dartmouth as She Is," paying high tribute to the faculty, trustees, and other officers.

Pres. William J. Tucker '61, of the college, was introduced, and received a warm greeting. He spoke eloquently, of Dartmouth, her future and what she ought to be, saying that a college grows both from the inside and from the influence of its alumni, the reputation attained by the men the college turns out, and their efforts on behalf of the college, direct and indirect. The college now has the men, but it needs better facilities and more money.

A poem was read by Richard Hovey '85, and speeches were also made by C. M. Hough of New York '79; Rev. Alexander McKensie, of Cambridge; A. L. Spring '80, Col. M. O. Adams, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain '44, and others. At the business meeting these officers were elected: President, J. L. Hildreth '64; vice-presidents, B. A. Kimball '54, W. E. Barrett '80, N. A. Littlefield '69, Harrison Hume '88 (hon.); secretary, Benjamin Tenney '83; treasurer, C. Q. Tirrell '66; chorister, J. P. Tucker '86.

CHICAGO ALUMNI.

The nineteenth annual reunion and dinner of the Dartmouth Alumni Association, of Chicago, was held on December 19, 1893, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. Fifty-four members were present, and at the after-dinner, E. D. Redington '61 acted as toast-master. The following toasts were responded to: "Dartmouth College," President Tucker '61; "Dartmouth and Public Education," C. W. French '79; "College Ath-

letics," E. K. Hall '92; "Go as You Please," W. R. Burleigh '72; "Dartmouth Publishers," H. H. Hilton '90. The officers for 1894 were elected as follows: President, J. C. Webster '64; vice-president, C. W. Spalding '63, H. T. Hardy '67 D. M. C., Wm. A. Bartlett '82; executive committee, N. A. McClary '84, E. C. Crawford '74, and J. H. Van Horn '93; secretary and treasurer, Wm. H. Gardner '76.

DARTMOUTH LUNCH CLUB.

The Dartmouth Club met at the Tremont House, Saturday, February 3, at 1 p. m. The attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, owing to various untoward events, but it is hoped and expected to have a large attendance at the next meeting.

After lunch, the club was called to order by President Paul '78. The minutes of the last meeting, interspersed with much spicy comment, were read by Secretary Hudson '84, and declared approved. After some discussion, in which the spirit of Dartmouth loyalty ran as high as of yore, it was voted that the president appoint a committee of three to obtain a Dartmouth song, special mention being made of Richard Hovey '85, whose marriage with Mrs. Henrietta Russell, high priestess of the temple Delsarte, has created so much interest. The committee is composed of Ladd '44, Hudson '84, Bartlett '87.

It was voted that an invitation be extended to Hon. Hiram Hitchcock to be the special guest of the club at its next meeting.

Among others, were short, crisp speeches by Ladd '44, Lord '45, Rollins '45, Ladd '60. Of course the class of '61 could not be omitted, and so Messrs. Davis and Esterbrook were called upon. These were followed by Floyd '85, Earl '92, Williams '90, Sanborn '91, and Bartlett '87, who is to be the pioneer in a work which is expected to accomplish great results toward the regeneration of Japan. To the worthy son of a noble sire, we of the younger classes, at least, extend the heartiest of good wishes and godspeed. Mr. Bartlett's remarks to the club were fairly brimming with love and loyalty to the old college, to whose walls he will shortly bid a long farewell, in his heartfelt conviction of his duty to answer manfully the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

MANCHESTER ALUMNI.

The annual meeting of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Manchester and vicinity, was held at Manchester, N. H., January 9. A committee of three, consisting of Judge I. W. Smith '46, Judge William M. Chase '58, of Concord, and T. D. Luce '75, of Nashua, was appointed to

provide plans for an extension of membership in Nashua, Concord, and vicinity, and bring in a list of officers. Hon. J. W. Fellows '58, H. B. Atherton '59, of Nashua, and F. S. Streeter '74, of Concord, were appointed a committee to prepare by-laws and to solicit membership. The following officers were elected: President, Hon. David Cross '41; vice presidents, L. D. Stevens, of Concord, Lucien B. Clough '50, of Manchester, Cyrus Richardson '64, of Nashua; treasurer, Walter M. Parker '71, of Manchester; secretary, Arthur H. Hale '86, of Manchester; executive committee, Hon. J. W. Fellows '58, Hon. Elisha M. Topliff '52, of Manchester, Thomas D. Luce '75, of Nashua, Louis G. Rundlett '81, of Concord.

CINCINNATI ALUMNI.

The Dartmouth Alumni Association of Cincinnati held its eighteenth annual reunion and dinner at the University club in Cincinnati Saturday evening, December 23. President Tucker was guest of honor, and Robert L. Read, the president of the association, presided. The following gentlemen were present at the dinner: Hon. E. W. Kittredge '54, George K. Bartholomew, Ph. D., '58, P. S. Conner, M. D., LL. D., '59, Prof. Henry A. Morrill '60, John B. Peaslee, Ph. D., '63, R. L. Read, C. E., '64, John S. Connor '65, S. L. Rice '67, Parker Dickson '74, George B. Parkinson '79, T. B. Kyle '81, George S. Lang '79, Frank O. Loveland '86, Sidney Arthur '87. While they were sipping coffee and puffing their cigars, Mr. Read '64 called on Dr. Conner to welcome the guest of honor. Dr. Tucker '61 then responded to the sentiment, "Dartmouth of To-day," in a clear and pleasing statement, showing the Western boys what was being accomplished at their old alma mater, and the prospects for continued prosperity of that noble institution. The other toasts of the evening had especial reference to the presidents previous to Dr. Tucker, under whom gentlemen present had graduated, and were as follows: "When I was under Dr. Lord," by Hon. E. W. Kittredge; "President Smith," by Parker Dickson; "Dartmouth under President Bartlett," by Frank O. Loveland. The meeting was interspersed with college songs and stories of college days, and the best of jolly good fellowship prevailed. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Robert L. Read '64; vice president, John S. Connor '65; secretary, George B. Parkinson '75; treasurer, John S. Connor '65; executive committee, Frank O. Loveland '86, Sidney Arthur '87, Edward P. Noyes '87, Frank J. Reynolds '89.

NEW ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The first annual reunion and banquet of the Dartmouth alumni of south-eastern New Hampshire was held at Dover Feb. 16. At 12:30 the alumni gathered at the reception hall in city building and held a reunion, and at 1 o'clock, headed by Hon. J. G. Hall and President Tucker, marched to the banquet hall. The menu was a very pretty affair, with pictures of Rollins chapel, Faculty avenue, and the athletic field. On it were the officers, as follows: President, Levi J. Hill '38; vice presidents, George A. Dickey '80, W. W. Allen '82; secretary, Charles A. Fairbanks '71; treasurer, W. W. Kelley '88; executive committee, Daniel Hall '54, William D. Knapp '55, Willis McDuffee '90.

The guests were as follows: President Rev. W. J. Tucker, D. D., Judge Isaac N. Blodgett, Hon. John D. Lyman of Exeter, Hon. E. R. Brown, Prof. Frank H. Pease, Col. W. W. Scott, Patrick McArdle, Gen. William D. Sawyer, Charles A. Richmond, Commander D. R. Pierce, Sheriff B. B. Plummer, and John R. Ham.

After the very fine dinner had been served, Dr. Levi G. Hill called all to order, and there were addresses by Dr. Levi G. Hill, President Tucker of Dartmouth, President Murkland of Durham college, Attorney General Eastman of Exeter, Hon. J. G. Hall, Col. Daniel Hall, Judge William D. Knapp, Isaac Pearl of Rochester, Hon. J. D. Lyman, Channing Folsom, George E. Hall, D. D., Prof. George A. Dickey, Prof. Samuel Simpson, Hon. Samuel D. Felker.

DARTMOUTH'S CONGRESSMEN.

In the present congress Yale has four graduates, Harvard and Dartmouth three each, and Amherst and Williams one each. The *Boston Journal* has this to say of Dartmouth's representatives:

"Congressman Stevens '69, hon., of the Fifth district, lives with his family at the Arlington hotel. He occupies rooms which have a mournful and historical interest for the people of Massachusetts. They are in the house in which Charles Sumner lived and died, which has been incorporated in the Arlington hotel. Mr. Stevens is a member of the committee on ways and means. His position has been an arduous one, particularly under the conditions with which he has been surrounded. As to what he has accomplished upon the committee, the men who write the politics for the newspapers have had something to say.

"General Cogswell '78, of the Sixth district, lives on L street, near Fourteenth, directly north of All Souls' Unitarian church, in which New

England people take great interest. General Cogswell has two workshops—the one, his committee room at the Capitol; the other, his study at his home. And his committee duties are so important and exacting, and his position in the house has become such a commanding one, that he finds the days far too short to perform the duties.

“Mr. McCall ’76, of the Eighth district, lives upon Q street. Mr. McCall is very fond of exercise, and he frequently takes the long walk both ways from his house to the Capitol. Mr. McCall has received one committee assignment which has been the stepping stone from which a good many New England members have come to greatness—the committee on elections. He is also a member of the committee on education. Mr. McCall has thus far manifested great ability in his discussion of public questions, and he has commanded the attention of the house to a much greater extent than is ordinarily the case with a new member.”

VERMONT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Vermont State Teachers' Association, held at Rutland, November 9-11, an address on the “Personality of the Teacher” was given by A. H. Campbell ’77, of Johnson, president of the association; C. H. Morrill ’88, of Bakersfield, read a paper on “The Relation between Teachers and Parents;” E. H. Davis ’61, of Chelsea, Mass., gave “A Method in Primary Reading;” C. E. Putney ’70, of St. Johnsbury, opened the discussion of the question, “Should the Study of Latin Precede the Study of the Modern Languages?” President Tucker ’61 delivered an address at an evening session. Among the officers for the year ensuing are O. D. Matthewson ’90, of Barre, president; C. C. Davis ’79, of Vergennes, C. E. Putney ’70, of St. Johnsbury, F. E. Prichard ’91, of Newbury, J. D. Horne ’84, of Brattleboro, vice-presidents; C. H. Morrill ’88, of Bakersfield, treasurer.

DARTMOUTH'S SUPERINTENDENTS.

In a little manual of school superintendents of New England, issued by a Boston teachers' agency, we find the following Dartmouth names: Massachusetts, agent of state board, A. W. Edson ’78; superintendents, Amherst, W. D. Parkinson ’78; Brookfield and North Brookfield, E. W. Howe ’64; Chelsea, E. H. Davis ’61; Dennis and Yarmouth, W. E. Chaffin ’86; Fitchburg, J. G. Edgerly ’67; Gloucester, Freeman Putney ’73; Greenfield, D. P. Dame ’80; Haverhill, A. L. Bartlett ’72; Leominster, J. G. Thompson ’86; Lowell, A. K. Whitcomb ’73; Marshfield, Scituate, and Duxbury, E. H. Watson ’84; Melrose, B. F. Robin-

son '77; Methuen, G. E. Chickering '66; Newton, G. I. Aldrich '75; Palmer, W. H. Small '78; Rockland, H. A. Halstead '77, non-grad.; Southbridge, J. T. Clarke '58; South Hadley Falls, E. H. McLachlin '83; Stow, J. S. Moulton '73; Templeton, Phillipston, Royalston, and Hubbardson, E. J. Edmands '86; Waltham, Henry Whittemore '66; Webster, J. I. Buck '89; Westfield, G. H. Danforth '80; Winchendon and Lunenburg, D. B. Locke '82. New Hampshire: Concord, L. J. Rundlett '81; Dover, Channing Folsom '70, non-grad.; Laconia, W. N. Cragin '85; Nashua, J. H. Fassett '90; Portsmouth, J. C. Simpson '87; Connecticut: Ansonia, W. H. Angleton '81; Stamford, E. C. Willard '83.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATORS.

The lower house of the Massachusetts legislature of 1894 will contain the following Dartmouth men: Burrill Porter '56, of North Attleboro; Solon Bancroft '64, of Reading; Arthur L. Spring '80, of Boston.

'42. Mr. Milton Wason, who was a prominent lawyer of Saticoy, Cal., died September 12, 1893.

'42. Rev. William Clark died at Westboro, Mass., February 8, 1894, aged 74. Mr. Clark was for many years a Congregational minister and clergyman in Asia Minor. He was principal of the Rebek Theological seminary at Constantinople for several years. During his stay abroad he visited nearly every European country, and explored Asia Minor very carefully.

'44. At a recent meeting of the Bostonian Society, held December 13, 1893, in Boston, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain delivered an address on "The Effect of Patriotic Maxims on Public Affairs."

'56. Prof. Amos N. Currier, of the State University of Iowa, received from Des Moines college at its last Commencement, the honorary degree of LL. D.

'59. The Memorial day address of Capt. H. B. Atherton, delivered at Antrim last May, has just been published in pamphlet form.

'61. At the dedication of the new Cushing academy building at Ashburnham, Mass., an address was given by President Tucker.

'61, '86. President Tucker delivered an able and scholarly address before the New England Society of Cincinnati, at the annual dinner of that society held at the Grand hotel, Cincinnati, Forefathers' day, December 22, on "New England of To-day." Among the other speakers for

the evening was Frank O. Loveland '86, who spoke for the "Yankees in the West." Mr. Loveland was reelected secretary of the society for the ensuing year.

'61. Henry J. Crippen, senior member of the recently suspended Western loan firm, doing business in Denver, Col., Salina, Kan., and Concord, under the style of Crippen, Lawrence & Co., died suddenly of apoplexy at his home in Concord. He was born in Canterbury, England, fifty-six years ago, and was educated in the Boston public schools. He taught school in Hopkinton and Upton, Mass., and Concord, and was cashier of the National State Capital bank of the latter city for many years; was a member of the board of education; served a long term in the city government; and was representative in the legislature in 1890. A widow and two daughters survive him.

'61. Maj. E. D. Redington is president of the Sons of Vermont in Chicago.

'63. Judge Jonas Hutchinson is president of the Sons of New Hampshire of Chicago. This association held its annual reunion and banquet January 19.

'64. I. Goodwin Hobbs, paymaster, U. S. N., has just returned from a three years cruise on the *Boston*. A large part of the time was spent in the Pacific ocean islands. He was thirteen months in the Hawaiian islands. He is at present on leave of absence for three months, which he will spend in California, then return to Newport, R. I., for orders.

'64 non-grad. John R. Hunt, who has spent the past eight months in Chicago, has returned to Honduras, C. A., which has been his home for the past ten years.

'64. David M. Edgerly died at Cambridgeport, Mass., December 20, 1893. He was graduated from Dartmouth in '64, the medical department of the University of New York in '67. He married Miss Caroline L. Cooper on June 20, 1868. Mr. Edgerly was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Sons of New Hampshire, Cambridge Hospital staff, Citizens' Trade and Library Hall Association, Cambridge Club, and president of the Cambridge Real Estate Association.

'68. C. H. Chandler is a member of the faculty of Ripon college, Ripon, Wis.

'70. Rev. Josiah Weare Dearborn, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Watertown, died January 20 at the parsonage, after an illness

of several months. He was the son of Rev. Reuben Dearborn, a leading clergyman of the Methodist conference in New Hampshire, and was a graduate of Dartmouth college, class of 1870. Among his classmates were Judge Hardy of the Boston municipal court and Rev. Francis Bown, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary. Mr. Dearborn was a frequent contributor to the religious press, and had been a member of the Board of Control of the Epworth League. He had been a member of the New England Conference for 20 years, and a pastor of churches in Lynn, Marblehead, Stoneham, Everett, Roslindale, and Watertown. He leaves a widow and three sons. The funeral took place at the Methodist church, Watertown, Tuesday, January 23, at 1 p. m. Interment at Lynn.

'72. F. W. Trask is a physician in Chicago. Address, 422 Clark street.

'73. A. K. Whitcomb is superintendent of schools at Lowell, Mass.

'73. C. B. Evans is on the Chicago Tribune staff. Address, 59 Dearborn street, Chicago.

'76. Wm. R. Patterson is superintendent of the Western Electric Co. Address, 227 S. Clinton street, Chicago.

'76. The eighteenth annual report of the class of '76 has just been issued by its secretary, Mr. William H. Gardiner. It is unusually full and extremely interesting. We quote below the condensed report, with the addresses of the members of the class.

J. E. Abbott, Byculla, Bombay. Congregational missionary.

H. M. Andrews, Mainpuri, Northwest Province, India. Missionary.

W. A. Barr, Rocky Mount, Va. Acting Episcopal minister.

R. P. Barrett, Rutland, Vt. Paymaster of the Howe Scale Co.

H. J. Barton, Champaign, Ill. Professor of Latin in the University of Illinois. Home at 306 West Hill street.

G. H. Bridgman, 297 North Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J. Physician.

W. H. Brooks, Whiting Street Building, Holyoke, Mass. Member of the law firm of Brooks, Hamilton & Guyott.

E. D. Brown, Globe Building, Minneapolis, Minn. Member of the firm of Brown & McIntire, real estate and loans. Home at 127 Clifton avenue.

C. E. Cate, 79 State street, Portland, Me. Pastor of the Plymouth Free Baptist church.

L. C. Clark, Redwood City, San Matteo county, Cal. Ranchman and farmer.

A. B. Crawford, 160 Central avenue, Dover, N. H. Lecturer. Said to be teaching also in Fairfield, Me.

F. W. Ernst, Franconia, N. H. Principal of Dow academy.

S. M. Fairchild, 361 Madison avenue, New York city. Financier. Home at Great Neck, L. I.

T. Flint, 426 Vanderbilt avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Teacher of Greek and Latin in the Brooklyn High school.

J. Foster, 852 Elm street, Manchester, N. H. Lawyer.

W. C. Frost, 4 North Nevada avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. President of the Colorado Springs Abstract company. Home at 118 E. Caramillo street.

F. G. Gale, Waterville, P. Q., Canada. Member of the firm of Geo. Gale & Sons, manufacturers of Dominion wire mattress, English bedsteads, etc.

S. C. Gamble, Grand Girard block, West Main street, Circleville, O. Lawyer.

W. H. Gardiner, 227 South Clinton street, Chicago, Ill. Photographer for the Western Electric Company. Home at corner of Seventy-second street and Champlain avenue.

G. Goodhue, 137 West Third street, Dayton, O. Physician. Residence at the Beckel House.

E. A. Greeley, Cooper Union, Astor place and Fourth avenue, New York city. Member of the law firm of Greeley & Greeley.

R. F. Hall, W. E. Co., corner of Greenwich and Thames streets, New York city. Head of the cable department. Home at 129 Glenwood avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

F. H. Hardison, 192 Central street, Somerville, Mass. Editor of the *Somerville Citizen*. Special writer for the *Boston Herald*.

L. V. Haskell, Stromsburg, Neb. President of Park bank.

A. Hay, 227 South Clinton street, Chicago, Ill. Computator for the main shop of the Western Electric Company. Home at 2816 Ashland avenue, Ravenswood, Ill.

C. B. Hibbard, Laconia N. H. Member of the law firm of E. A. & C. B. Hibbard.

E. T. Hodson, Schuyler National Building, Schuyler, Colfax county, Neb. Lawyer.

J. M. Holt, 16 West Main street, Marshalltown, Ia. Lawyer.

T. C. Hunt, Riverside, Cal. Pastor of the Church of Christ, Congregational. Home at 542 Seventh street.

E. A. Jones, Stoughton, Mass. Music teacher.

F. L. Justice, Logansport, Ind. Farmer.

A. H. Kenerson, 13 Tremont place, Boston, Mass. Represents the publications of Ginn & Co. Home at 11 Copley street, Roxbury.

J. Kivel, 87 Washington street, Dover, N. H. Lawyer. Home at 195 Central avenue.

P. T. Marshall, Horse Heads, N. Y. Principal of the Union school.

M. E. McClary, 51 East Main street, Malone, N. Y. Member of the law firm of McClary & Paddock.

F. M. McCutcheon, 6 Dexter row, Charlestown, Mass. Teacher in Bryant & Stratton Commercial school, 608 Washington street, Boston. Teacher in Boston Evening High school.

J. F. McElroy, 413 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y. Mechanical superintendent of the Consolidated Car Heating Company.

S. Merrill, editorial rooms, *Boston Globe*, Boston, Mass. Home at 45 Bellevue avenue, North Cambridge, Mass.

L. W. Morey, 7 Tremont place, Boston, Mass. Ministerial Department of the Evangelistic Association of New England. Home at 352 Beacon street, Lowell, Mass.

W. R. Patterson, 227 South Clinton street, Chicago, Ill. Superintendent of the Western Electric Company. Home at 5730 Monroe avenue.

H. G. Peabody, 338 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Publisher of photographic views. Home at 282 Huntington avenue.

H. H. Piper, Litchfield's block, Somerville, Mass. Dentist. Home at 57 Marshall street, Winter Hill, Somerville.

B. H. Roberts, North Chili, Monroe county, N. Y. Principal of the A. M. Chesbrough seminary.

H. D. Ryder, 1 Arms block, Bellows Falls, Vt. Lawyer.

E. P. Sanborn, Room 66, National German-American Bank Building, corner Fourth and Robert streets, St. Paul, Minn. Member of the law firm of John B. and E. P. Sanborn. Home at 505 Oakland avenue.

C. S. Sargent, box 1,045, Adams, Mass. Pastor of the Congregational church. After February 1, pastor of Central Congregational church, at St. Louis, Mo.

W. S. Sayres, 43 Columbia street east, Detroit, Mich. First assistant rector of St. John's church, Episcopal.

F. B. Sherburne, No. 3 Robbins street, Lowell, Mass. Sub-master of the Lowell High school.

- J. W. Staples, Franklin Falls, N. H. Physician.
 L. L. Stimpson, 151 Dearborn avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 E. C. Stimson, Aspen, Colo. Member of the law firm of Downing, Stimson & McNair. Home at corner Hallam and Second streets.
 E. C. Stone, Verona, Pa. Editor of the *Verona Review*.
 F. P. Thayer, Litchfield Corner, Me. Teaching.
 H. F. Towle, 108 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Teacher of Latin in the Boys' Department of the Brooklyn High school.
 G. H. Tripp, Fairhaven, Mass. Principal of the Middle Street Grammar school, in New Bedford, Mass.
 W. Twombly, 321 Four-and-a-Half street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Lawyer. Home at 131 E street, N. W.
 W. B. Vanderpoel, 106 East Twenty-Fourth street, New York city. Physician.
 B. J. Wertheimer, Room 502, 100 Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Lawyer. Room at 3219 Wabash avenue.
 C. W. Whitcomb, Room 9, 47 Devonshire street, Boston, Mass. Lawyer. Home at Ashmont (Dorchester).
 R. P. Williams, 11 St. James avenue, Boston, Mass. Instructor in Chemistry in the Boston English High school.
 C. H. Woods, Templeton, Cal. Editor of *Templeton Advance*. Principal of Templeton schools.

NON-GRADUATES.

- E. K. Blanchard, Shrewsbury, St. Louis, Mo. Civil engineer.
 A. H. Campbell, Johnson, Vt. Principal of the State Normal school at Johnson.
 G. R. Clark, Davenport, Iowa. Cashier of U. S. Express Company.
 C. S. Dean, Boston, Mass.
 R. A. Edwards, Peru, Ind. Cashier of the First National Bank, of Peru.
 R. T. Ely, director of the School of Economics, Political Science, and History, and professor of Political Economy at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
 J. O. Emerson, Pittsfield, Ill. Pastor of the Congregational church.
 F. P. Hill, Newark, N. J. Librarian of the Free Public Library.
 D. T. Kimball, 280 Broadway, New York city. Lawyer. Associated with Geo. W. Gibbons. Home at 55 West Twelfth street.
 W. R. Laird, West Chester, Pa. Pastor of the First Presbyterian church.

A. S. Oliver, Spokane, Wash. Homœopathic physician.

J. E. Pratt, Sandwich, Mass. Physician.

J. A. Rowell, Emerald Grove, Wis. Pastor of the Congregational church.

'77. Justin H. Smith has been appointed by Harvard university a member of the Visiting committee for the department of Romance Philology.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton, of Hopkinton, N. H., has accepted a call to the Congregational church of Deerfield, N. H.

'79. T. W. Proctor, one of the foremost lawyers in Boston, takes the place in the firm of Blackmar & Sheldon left vacant by the elevation of Mr. Sheldon to the superior bench.

'80. B. F. Armitage is superintendent of schools at Mattoon, Ill.

'81. Arthur S. Hazelton is practising law at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

'82. Rev. William G. Poor, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has accepted a call to the First Congregational church of Keene, N. H., and begins his labors there February 1.

'82. Rev. J. B. Lawrence began in December the pastorate of the Congregational church of Claremont, N. H.

'83. A. E. Jacobs is principal of the Gallistal school, Chicago. Address, Ewing Ave., South Chicago.

'85. Born, in Laconia, N. H., December 26, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Cragin.

'86. Geo. E. Whitehall is a member of the faculty of Cornell college, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

'86. A. H. Hale has been elected secretary of the New Hampshire Banking association.

'87. Born, in Brookline, N. H., December 13, 1893, a son, George Franklin, to Rev. and Mrs. Fred E. Winn.

'88. Kay is now at the St. Elizabeth's hospital, Boston. His address is 318 Shawmut avenue.

'89. Frank Randolph is in business at Kaukauna, Wis.

'89. John Barrett, of Portland, Oregon, who was nominated by President Cleveland, February 13, as minister-resident and consul general of the United States to Siam, is the youngest man appointed by this admin-

istration to an important foreign post. Mr. Barrett is a native of Grafton, Vt., and a son of Hon. Charles Barrett, one of the most prominent men of that state in former years. He is a graduate of Worcester (Mass.) academy and of Dartmouth college. After graduation he spent a year in travelling in this country and foreign lands, and after that located in Oregon. In that state he has been engaged in newspaper business, holding a responsible position upon the leading Democratic paper of the state. He has also been very prominent in promoting the interests of the Democratic party, and in making Oregon's resources and capabilities known to the people of that country.

Mr. Barrett has been an organizer and officer of the leading Democratic clubs, a member of county and state Democratic conventions, and was an alternate delegate to the National Democratic convention at Chicago. He is known as one of the best speakers in the far West, and has often been called upon to deliver, not only political addresses, but orations before colleges and upon important celebrations. He had the indorsement of the leading men of his party for any position that might be awarded in the foreign service to Oregon, and was also indorsed by many senators and congressmen in the East. He has always been an ardent supporter of President Cleveland, and is allied with the progressive wing of his party.

Although but between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, he is a man of discretion and judgment, and very popular in the far western state of his adoption. This is a most important position, because of the French efforts at conquest in Siam, and grave responsibilities will therefore rest upon the American minister. Mr. Barrett is a cousin of Dr. Joseph Taber Johnson, of Portland, Oregon.

'90 D. M. C. Dr. Geo. C. Cahill has been appointed instructor of Diseases of children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Boston.

'90. M. V. Safford graduated from the Bowdoin Medical school last July and is now employed on the U. S. coast survey at Washington, D. C.

'90. Morgan, who was appointed superintendent of the Reading, Pa., hospital, has been obliged to resign on account of ill health and has gone to Houston, Texas. He was recently offered \$7,000 for his patent surgical electrical lamp, but refused it.

'91. L. J. Campbell is winning high distinction in the Boston University law school for his close, careful, and accurate work.

'92. Frank W. Lakeman was chosen master of the Mt. Pleasant school by the school board of Nashua.

'92. Married, at Seabrook, N. H., December 12, 1893, Edward F. Blood to Miss Ida M. Brown.

'92 D. M. C. Dr. J. B. Griswold is a surgeon in St. Luke's hospital, New York.

'92. Hildreth has left the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on account of ill health, and is now at Pomona, Fla.

'93. Sanders is principal of the Charlestown High school, Charlestown.

'93. Weston is employed in one of the banks at Manchester.

THE CHRONICLE.

PRESIDENT TUCKER'S LECTURE.

President Tucker gave his lecture on "Social Democracy" in the Old Chapel February 9. It was given for the benefit of the Base-ball association.

TROPHY CASES.

Two large trophy cases have been built in the "gym" for the preservation of the souvenirs of the athletic victories of the college. All alumni having trophies of any description are requested to notify Prof. C. F. Emerson.

B. A. A. MEET.

Dartmouth was defeated by Amherst in the relay team race at the B. A. A. indoor meet, held February 10 in Mechanics Hall, Boston. Dartmouth's team consisted of B. F. Eldred '96, D. Hall '94, F. L. Smalley '94, and F. P. Claggett '94. Claggett made up nearly thirty yards in his three laps, but lost by one yard. Three of Amherst's men were freshmen. A. G. Bugbee '95 took second in the mile run, and S. Chase second in the forty-five yards hurdle. E. L. Nye '96 won first place in the mile walk, but owing to a mistake of the scorers it was awarded to Beaudette, president of the W. A. A. On the appeal of the Dartmouth trainer, Mr. Whitehouse, the president of the B. A. A. stated that Nye should have had first place.

DARTMOUTH ATHLETES.

The *University Magazine* of New York has a long article under the above title in its February number. It was written by Mr. John H. Bartlett '94, editor of the recent book of *Dartmouth Athletics*, and is well illustrated with half tones.

THE NEW CATALOGUE.

The catalogue for 1893-'94 will appear the first of March. It will be several times larger than ever before, and contain many new features. It is being printed by Lougee & McDuffee '90, of Rochester, N. H.

UNIVERSITY CLUB.

At the meeting of the University Club, of Boston, recently, the following Dartmouth men were elected officers: Stephen M. Crosby '49, and James B. Richardson '57, vice-presidents; Thomas W. Proctor '79, to serve on the executive committee till the annual meeting, in 1895; Melvin O. Adams '61, to serve on the admission committee for the same length of time; Selwin S. White '78, to serve till 1897, and George H. M. Rowe '64, to serve till 1898.

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SHORT STORIES, by the best story tellers in college. Special attention will be given to the short stories. The under classes contain several good story writers who are contributing to The "LIT."

VERSE. The "Thistle-Down" department will be filled each month with verses light and airy.

THE C. CLUB will be enlarged and will contain several short sketches each month.

THE WAR RECORD of the college will be continued through the year with articles by leading alumni. They will be accompanied by portraits of prominent leaders in the War of the Rebellion who are Dartmouth men. We are arranging for articles on the record of the class of '59, with Col. Wheelock G. Veazey's portrait; the class of '41, with Prof. H. E. Parker's portrait, and others.

THE ALUMNI DEPARTMENT will contain the doings of the Dartmouth graduates, young and old.

FRONTISPIECES. We have arranged for a very interesting series of portraits for the remainder of the year. Among the new professors' series there are yet to appear Professors Patten, Moore, and E. B. Frost. Hon. W. E. Barrett's portrait, and others, will complete the series.

OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER.

We will send The "LIT." for the entire year, including *the illustrated holiday number*, and a beautiful **Dartmouth Souvenir** paper cutter, made from the wood of the Old Pine, for only \$2.00. To take advantage of this offer, subscriptions must reach us not later than January 15, '94.

TERMS. The subscription to The "LIT." for the year is \$2.00. Single numbers, 25 cents, with the exception of the illustrated holiday number, extra copies of which can be had of the business manager for 30 cents each.

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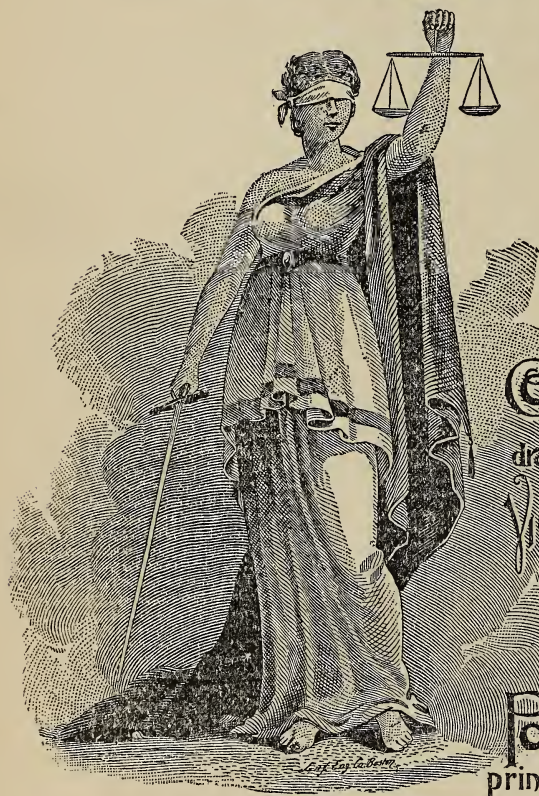
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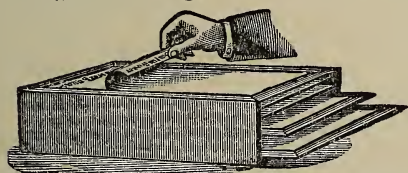
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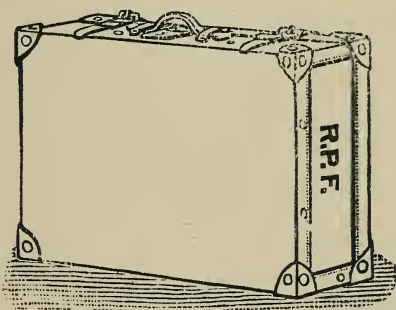
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